

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 26.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

One Penny.

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(ONLY ADDRESS.)

## The Famous "LEEWIG" Petticoat.

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THE many advantages of this Petticoat are probably not yet well-known. These "Tops" are pliable, exceedingly durable and easy fitting, giving more comfort in walking. Specially recommended for dancing. Dressmakers generally prefer to fit Gowns over this Petticoat, as it is absolutely without fulness, and easy for walking.

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"TOPS," best Stockinette Angora Wool, delightfully stretching - 14/9

Heavy Winter make - 16/9  
Mercerised Spun, for India and Summer Wear - 18/9  
Stout, extra good wearing - 21/-  
Spun Silk Web, particularly recommended, which has largest demand - 25/9  
Heavy quality - 25/9

THE COLD WEATHER AND DANGEROUS CHILLS.  
Separate Patent.

THE "TREVES" ANTELOPE SUEDE LEATHER "LEEWIG" TOPS TO SKIRTS.

Particularly desirable wear. These soft, pliable skin tops do not take up the least space. Tailor-made gowns fit most perfectly over them. 25/9, 29/6, 31/6. Never wear out. Adapted to Clean.

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Horrockses' name on each Sheet.

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of the highest quality.

N.B.—See "HORROCKSES" on selvedge.

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### SOME POPULAR BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ.

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" are sure to be well informed upon the subject of new books. They will not need to be reminded that

John Oxenham's "BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU," 6s.; Max Pemberton's "DOCTOR XAVIER," 6s.; Joseph Hocking's "FOLLOW THE GLEAM," 3s. 6d.; W. Pitt Rivers' "UP SIDE STREETS," 5s.; L. T. Meade's "THAT BRILLIANT PEGGY," 6s.; Adeline Sergeant's "CYNTHIA'S IDEAL," 6s.; and G. M. Martin's "EMMY LOU," 5s.—that charmingly illustrated and still more charmingly written book about children—are among the best reviewed and most popular books of the season. It is only necessary to add that their attractive appearance and beautiful illustrations make them particularly suitable for Christmas presentation.

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" will soon be making up their list of Christmas presents for children. "TOBY AND HIS LITTLE DOG TAN" or "The Great Detective of Fairyland," illustrated in colours by Charles Pears, of "Punch" (6s.), is a book which Santa Claus will certainly carry to many a home on Christmas and New Year's Eve, a delightfully fanciful and whimsical tale, rich in coloured pictures. It is just the book any healthy boy or girl will revel in.

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" will, of course, not forget to place on their Christmas list copies of Alice Hegan Rice's two immensely popular books, "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" (5s.), and the companion story, "LOVEY MARY" (5s.), of which 540,000 copies have now been issued.

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MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S  
REMARKABLE  
NEW NOVEL,

## "DOUBLE HARNESS,"

STARTS IN THIS  
JOURNAL TO-DAY  
ON PAGE 9. - -







Our special forecast for to-day is: Cold and gusty north winds; some snow squalls; fair and frosty intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.37.

## SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate; North Sea, rather rough; Irish Channel, moderate to rather rough.

335th Day of Year.

Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1903.

30 days to Dec. 31.

# The Daily Mirror.

	1903.	December.			
Sun.	...	6	13	20	27
Mon.	...	7	14	21	28
Tues.	...	1	8	15	22
Wed.	...	2	9	16	23
Thurs.	...	3	10	17	24
Fri.	...	4	11	18	25
Sat.	...	5	12	19	26

## To-Day's News at a Glance.

## Home.

The King will hold a Council on Tuesday next.

There is no change in Mr. Herbert Spencer's condition.

Canon Bell is resigning the head-mastership of Marlborough College, and he and Mrs. Bell have resigned their seats on the Wilts County Council.

Mr. Fenwick Harrison, Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, had two ribs broken yesterday through a fall from his horse in the hunting field.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel starts to-day on page 9.

Earl Grey states that in two years the Central Public-house Trust has acquired 114 public-houses, and 100 more will be taken over on the expiry of the leases.

King's College Hospital authorities are appealing to the public for £300,000 to enable them to remove to Denmark Hill.

Dr. Knox was formally enthroned as Bishop of Manchester yesterday.

Lord Brassey, who travelled specially from Paris, was the guest of the evening at a house dinner at the National Liberal Club last night, and opened a debate on Colonial reciprocity.

One hundred tons of herrings were caught yesterday off Burton, Port Donegal, this being the first big take of the season. The fish will be delivered in London early to-day.

While crossing the Channel on Sunday night the mail steamer Nord passed through such a great shoal of herrings that her paddles killed thousands, and her progress was retarded.

A magnificent alabaster casket, mounted in gold and set with precious stones, which was frequently used by the late Pope, has been presented to the Rev. Father Macey, of the Salesian Order at Battersea by Pope Pius X. for sale in aid of the schools at Trott-street.

Two female centenarians have just died; Mary Palmer Forster, 103, at Hetherst, near Norwich, and Mrs. Guilfoyle, 112, at Nenagh workhouse.

Henry Day, a carter, who had saved twenty-seven persons from drowning, has himself been drowned at Derby.

The North-Eastern Railway Company conducted some successful experiments on Sunday with a new form of anti-friction brake for heavy vehicles.

Orders have been issued for the first time for two balloon sections to leave Aldershot for duty at Malta and Gibraltar respectively.

The Mayor of Poplar has convened a conference of guardians, councillors, clergymen, and others for to-morrow to consider the question of the relief of the unemployed.

Hornsey Borough Council has decided to obtain a coat of arms costing £76 10s.

The committee of the Macedonian Relief Fund have received an anonymous offer of a subscription of £1,000 on condition that the total amount subscribed to the fund by January 2, 1904, reaches £20,000.

The body of a lady named Mrs. Wormald has been washed up by the sea at Holywell, Eastbourne.

Mr. L. Tomlinson, an engineer who is about to retire from the service of the Cunard Steamship Co., is said to have travelled 2,125,000 miles by shipboard.

Comte de la Vaulx, director of ballooning to the French Army, visited Aldershot yesterday. He was conducted over the military balloon factory and witnessed the ascent of a war balloon.

The retirement has taken place, through ill-health, of Mr. J. J. Brown, who for nearly twenty years has been the superintendent of the publishing department of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A Liverpool telegram says that a syndicate of American millionaires is making efforts to capture the British provision trade.

No tube railway projects appear among the private Parliamentary Bills for next Session.

While racing to a fire in Bayswater last night two fire engines came into collision at a gallop, and two firemen were badly injured.

Mr. Carlyon Britton was elected president of the new British Numismatic Society at the inaugural meeting last night.

Speaking at a drawing-room meeting at Prince of Wales-terrace yesterday, Mrs. Brownlow protested against the exclusion of women from the control of education, which she said, looked after the trifles which ensured smooth working.

Walham Green church took fire last night, but the outbreak was soon overcome.

## Political.

Dulwich Conservative Central Council have chosen Dr. Rutherford Harris as their candidate. Mr. Masterman will stand in the Liberal interest.

Major Coates, the Unionist candidate for Lewisham, has stated that he is in accord with the policy of Mr. Balfour.

Sir Walter Foster, M.P., speaking at Ilkeston yesterday, characterised Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme as being more worthy of a comic opera than a political platform.

The Hon. Geo. Foster, of Canada, speaking at Liverpool yesterday, said that Canada felt it hard that she should have no preference over hostile nations in the country she had helped to preserve for the Empire.

Mr. Haldane, M.P., speaking at Dulwich last night on the fiscal question, said that for one manufacturer who was hit by the foreign tariffs three prospered under free trade.

## Foreign.

The hearing of the suit for the annulment of the marriage of Prince and Princess Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg began at Dresden yesterday before the Supreme Court.

Messrs. Townsend and Downey, the well-known United States shipwrights, who built the yacht Meteor for the German Emperor, are in liquidation, a sum of £700,000 being involved, owing to labour troubles.

Mrs. Langtry has bought two thoroughbred trotting horses from the noted American breeder, Ketcham, for her stud farm.

The Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies have decided upon the proposals to be made for the carrying out of the Austro-Russian reform scheme in Macedonia.

The "National Zeitung" learns from a well-informed source that the progress in the German Emperor's condition is entirely satisfactory.

The Academy of Music, the largest theatre in Brooklyn, has been destroyed by fire.

Prince Alexander Karageorgievich, King Peter's youngest son, will enter the Serbian Army as a private on his birthday, December 17.

A very rich copper mine, Laffan says, has been discovered in the Garriwal district of the Himalayas.

The Municipal Council in Berlin is considering the advisability of putting a tax on theatre and concert tickets for the expensive seats.

The school inspector in Brunn has forbidden both the teachers and the pupils in the girls' school to wear dresses with trains because of the dust caused by them.

Tod Sloan's action against the French Jockey Club has been adjourned for another week.

## Law and Police Courts.

The trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright will not take place until early in the Hilary sittings, says an Exchange message. It has been arranged that the Lord Chief Justice shall preside at the trial.

At the Mansion House yesterday Maurice Simon, a City merchant, was fined £10 for importing milk from abroad without the tins being properly labelled as skimmed milk.

The charge of stranding and hazarding H.M. ship Landrail on the Dutch coast was proved last night at Sheerness against Boat-swain Owen Hewett, who was sentenced to be severely reprimanded and dismissed from the Landrail.

The Court of Appeal refused a stay of execution in an action in which Mr. Justice Lawrence had found for the plaintiff on a claim against a bookmaker of a bet made on a horse which had won.

Court



Circular.

Sandringham, Monday, Nov. 30.

The Hon. R. and Mrs. Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, and Colonel H. G. Miles have left Sandringham.

His Excellency, Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, Austro-Hungarian Minister, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham, Mr. and Mrs. W. James, the Earl de Grey, Viscount Valentia, Lord Knollys, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Mr. Montague Guest, and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Frederick have arrived.

## SNOW AND FROST.

### December Commences with Great Severity.

### SNOW PLOUGHS AT WORK.

### Steamers Report Fearful Weather at Sea.

The first snows of winter have arrived. In London the fall was very slight—only a few hesitating flakes in the middle of the day, which served as a trembling salutation of December.

In the north and north-east the weather was more businesslike, as befits that strenuous part of England. At Whitby, Scarborough, Filey, and Bridlington there were distinct falls, and most of the meteorological stations in that part of the country report, at least, showers.

North and South Shields were the worst sufferers, having an exceptionally heavy fall. All outdoor work in the Tyne dockyards had to be abandoned. A fall of two feet in South-East Durham necessitated the use of snow-ploughs on the electric tram route between Stockton and Middlesbrough, and the men in the Tees shipyards had to cease work. There was a considerable fall in South Lincolnshire, and the ground was white for miles round Peterborough. Places in the Thames valley experienced small snow showers, and last night a heavy snow squall was raging at Dover.

There was a further rise in the level of the Thames in the lower reaches yesterday. About fifteen hundred million gallons of water passed through the weir at Teddington in twenty-four hours.

Weather prophets indulge in gloomy auguries of an exceptionally severe winter.

A general frost seems to have set in. Even Bournemouth has a temperature below freezing point, and London yesterday shivered with the thermometer less than 30 degrees at noon.

### Experiences of Continental Cities.

We are, however, better off than many parts of the Continent. Paris and Brussels had a considerable snow-fall, and the Vosges and Ardennes came in for very heavy storms. The Neva at St. Petersburg is completely snow-bound, and the North Italian railways have been blocked.

In Spain the Old Church of the Virgin at Madrid has been blown down, and San Sebastian is flooded. Naples has been swept by heavy storms, and very bad weather prevails at Gibraltar.

### Steamers Damaged at Sea.

Awful weather is reported at sea, both at home and abroad. The steamer Lady Iveagh, of Dublin, has arrived at Falmouth in a battered condition; H.M.S. Spartan was washed with heavy seas in the Irish Channel; and the steamer Strabo, which has arrived at Falmouth, received one great wave that killed a member of the crew and injured four others. The P. and O. steamer Arcadia arrived at Plymouth twenty-two hours late, several persons having been injured in the gale.

### BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

#### Numerous Exhibits and List of the Prize-Winners.

Yesterday, Birmingham, instead of splitting its head over the fiscal question, trooped to the Dog Show. Seventeen hundred exhibits were on view competing for £2,700 worth of prizes.

The show was held in the broad galleries of Curzon Hall, and was attended by lady fanciers from all parts of the kingdom, who looked after their pets with a devotion and tenderness that must have turned many of their husbands green with envy.

The judges were Mrs. Crossfield, an authority on Newfoundland, and Mrs. D. Dutton.

The Pomeranian is still the favourite class, the two heavy-weight champions, "Tatcho" and "Lady Verna," both belonging to Miss E. D. Lee, of Hampstead. "Gateacre Dainty Bell" secures for Mrs. Hall Walker, the enthusiastic breeder, of Gateacre Grange, Liverpool, the championship in the light-weight females, and "Champion Boy Blue," the pride of Miss Ives Stockport, takes the honour in the companion class.

"Champion Ashton Dulce," the exhibit of Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Beard, of Chelsea, is the champion in a small show of the dainty

Yorkshire terriers. "Sir George White," a very handsome Maltese dog, continues a successful career by securing for Mrs. J. Stallibrass, of Forest Hill, London, a fifth championship in the pet spaniel section.

The Blenheims are headed by "The Cherub," belonging to Miss Spofforth, of Hyde Park; the King Charles, by "Bonny Boy," exhibited by Mr. Harvey Nixon, Sheffield; and the Pekinese, by the well-known champion, "Goodwood Lo," which has scored so heavily for Mrs. Douglas Murray, of Egham, Surrey.

But it is not only in the toy section that the lady fanciers are to the front. The Hon. Mrs. C. J. Coventry, of Earl's Croome Court, Worcester, succeeds in the Great Danes; Mrs. Olive Milner, of Halifax, takes a silver spoon awarded by the Bull Terrier Club; the Duchess of Newcastle adds to her laurels with Russian wolf hounds; and the national silver medal for Dalmatians is awarded to Mrs. E. C. Boucher, of Leek.

### DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM.

#### The Royal Society Honours M. Pierre Curie and His Wife.

The discoverers of radium—M. and Madame Curie—were presented with the Davey medal by the Royal Society yesterday afternoon at Burlington House.

It is not often that a lady deserves such a distinction for researches in an obscure branch of science, and it is a disappointment that the rules of the society prevented Madame Curie receiving the medal personally. No woman is allowed in the council chamber on such an occasion, when the business is conducted with the utmost secrecy. M. Curie, who was accompanied by his friend Professor Dewar, is a tall, spare man, grey-bearded and grey-haired, and possessed of a pair of keen grey eyes.

The medal was handed to him with a few words of warm commendation by the President, Sir William Huggins.

### APE-MAN OR MAN-APE?

#### Puzzle Suggested by a Civilised Chimpanzee.

The comity of nations has been fostered by the arrival in England of a distinguished foreigner who is travelling under the name of "Consul." He has come to England from America via Paris.

For the next three weeks he will be at home to visitors twice every day at the Hippodrome, where he made his debut in London last night.

To be brief, "Consul" is the well-behaved ape who has been so great a favourite in Paris. He comports himself both at table and in his general behaviour in the most unexceptionable way. On the stage he eats, drinks, smokes, rides bicycles, plays the piano, and goes to bed—all with the strictest propriety. And it is only with an effort that you can bring yourself to realise that he is only a chimpanzee.

Consul is only a youngster, in spite of his accomplishments. He is less than three feet high, but he will some day be about 5½ ft. When he held a reception after his performance last night he seemed a little tired, but showed a grave, eighteenth century sort of courtesy that was most impressive. He had a bow and a shake of the hand that made everyone at home.

His visitors came away wondering whether this is the most manlike of chimpanzees or the most chimpanzee-like of men.

### FISCALITIS AND THE WAR.

Following close in the track of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman paid a visit to Newport, Monmouthshire, yesterday. Addressing a meeting at the Tredar Hall, where Mr. Chamberlain spoke, he said the ex-Colonial Secretary's conduct in charging the Liberals with making a party question of fiscal reform was a piece of effrontery.

He also gave the "flattest of flat denials" to Mr. Balfour's charge that he had starved the Army when Secretary of War. If the Liberal party had been in power there would have been no Jameson Raid and no war.

### FISCAL FACTS IN BRIEF.

To everyone interested in the fiscal problem—and with the best will in the world it is almost impossible to avoid being interested—the "Fiscal Red Book" will be invaluable.

The book, which will be on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls on Saturday, at the price of threepence, covers in the briefest space every important point of the controversy.

The valuable special articles which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" will be reproduced, together with much new and interesting information.



## GIRL'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

## Struggle with a Robber in a Lonely House.

An extraordinary story of an attack on a defenceless young woman named Florence Grant, aged twenty-two, who is described as an authoress, was told before the magistrates at Sittingbourne yesterday.

Miss Grant, a young lady of pleasant appearance, medium height, and of quiet, self-possessed manner, has for some time past lived alone at Little Rides Farm, in the parish of Leydsdown, in the Isle of Sheppey, presumably, with the object of pursuing her literary occupations in seclusion. Her spare time was devoted to the hobby of poultry keeping. Miss Grant's parents reside at Warden, a village two miles away, whither they had gone from London.

According to the evidence of Miss Grant yesterday, it seems that on Thursday night she slept at her parents' house, and on the following morning she proceeded to Little Rides Farm. She noticed that a pane of glass had been removed from one of the windows. Upstairs in her bedroom she discovered that the bedclothes had been disarranged, as though someone had slept there. Upon crossing the landing to another room she was astonished to see a strange man with a sheet wrapped round him, while a net curtain was drawn over his head.

Before Miss Grant could recover from her astonishment the man sprang upon her, and a desperate struggle ensued on the landing, in the midst of which Miss Grant and her assailant fell downstairs.

## A Lucky Escape.

The young lady was there overpowered, blindfolded and gagged, taken upstairs, and bound hand and foot to a bedstead. The intruder then demanded money, threatening "If you don't give me this money I'll put your light out." She protested that she had no money in the house, but suggested that he should take a note to her parents, who would give him some.

She was liberated partially to write the note, and when it was written the ruffian bound her up again and left with the note.

As soon as he was out of the house Miss Grant managed to remove the gag and screamed for help. Her screams frightened her assailant, who returned, and insisted that Miss Grant should herself take the note to her parents' house. He accompanied her until they were near the place, when he went and waited in a neighbouring field.

The young lady related to her parents all that had happened, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Thomas Horspool, a gentleman residing a little distance away. He drove to a neighbouring village for police assistance.

In the meantime the assailant made off, but the news having spread he was pursued by the police and some villagers, and eventually captured at Hartley, where he had been unable to cross the River Swale.

The man has been identified as John Wilson, a stalwart labourer aged thirty, who has several previous convictions against him, his last term of imprisonment being six months for a till robbery at Queenborough.

After evidence prisoner was remanded.

## EARL GREY'S TRUST.

## The Progress of a Great Social Reform Movement.

"I believe I am correct in saying that never in the history of social reform has any movement fixed its roots so firmly, in so wide an area, in so short a time," writes Earl Grey, in yesterday's "Times," alluding to the Public-house Trust movement.

His long letter makes interesting reading. A public-house has been described as a place where one can get anything to drink but nothing to eat; whereas an eating-house is frequently an institution where food is served, but where such appetising beverages as a glass of beer or wine are unobtainable.

Earl Grey and the Public-house Trust are grappling with this ridiculous situation, and, moreover, they are establishing houses whose profits go into the pockets of the customer and not into those of the brewer or other monopolist. They have adopted the Gothenburg system, and can already point to 114 houses run by the Association and over 100 others that will fall to them on the termination of current leases.

Colonel Crauford, a representative of the Trust, has been on a tour of inspection, and Earl Grey quotes from that gallant officer's report. Hot meat pies and steaming bowls of soup are everywhere obtainable at the Trust's houses and are strongly in demand. One of their managers "is very strict, and stops all swearing. If a man transgresses his drink is taken away, his money is returned, and he is sent out of the house." At the White Hart, Edinburgh, fish suppers at 3d., 4d., and 6d. are provided, and are very popular; and in Ulster "the man who asks for Bovril gets the same smile as the man who asks for beer."

Earl Grey, discussing the action of certain brewers who keep alive old and unprofitable licences with a view to exchanging three or four of these for a new one, proposes to test "in the Law Courts the action of any licensing Bench which may at next Brewster Sessions sell a new licence in consideration of the surrender of old licences."

## ENGLAND AND THIBET.

## Plans of the Large Military Expedition.

While no definite date is officially given for the advance of the British mission from India into Thibet, Colonel Macdonald, R.E., who will command the military force, is busily engaged in making the necessary preparations. Immense quantities of transport are being collected (Reuter learns), and stores and warm clothing are being despatched to the Sikkim frontier. Supplies of Canadian fur coats, which were purchased for the troops in China, have been sent for from Tientsin.

The present base is at Siliguri, some thirty miles south of Darjiling, and as soon as everything is in readiness Colonel Macdonald's force will cross the frontier.

Colonel Younghusband, the British Commissioner, will proceed to Sikkim, and go with the military expedition, which will march direct to Khamba Jong and join the Commission, which is still there.

All will then march to Gyantse, which after Lhasa itself, is the most important town of Thibet, and on the main road to the capital.

## An Understanding With China?

At this point Colonel Younghusband will endeavour to reopen negotiations with the Thibetans.

There is no question at present of a permanent occupation of Gyantse, or of an advance to Lhasa itself.

Although it is not generally anticipated that the Thibetans will actually fight, the extremely difficult character of the country to be traversed, and the remoteness of the destination of the mission from the frontier, with passes closed by the winter in their rear, render necessary the employment of a force strong enough for any emergency.

A telegram from Tientsin says there appears to be an understanding between Great Britain and China to hold Thibet against Russia should occasion arise.

Telegrams from Calcutta yesterday stated that for many weeks no communications have passed between the Thibetans and the British. Trade over the Jelep pass is entirely stopped, and the Thibetans have deserted the frontier posts.

It is rumoured from Nepal that the priests in Lhasa desire to oppose the British mission, but that the population want peace.

## POETS AND OLD AGE.

## Mr. Swinburne's Despondency Over the Burden of Years.

Oxygen has probably saved the life of Mr. Swinburne. The poet is now rapidly recovering from the sharp attack of pneumonia which had caused his friends so much concern.

Mr. Watts-Dunton, the devoted companion of Mr. Swinburne, yesterday told a representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette" that he was surprised, even taking into account Mr. Swinburne's fine constitution, at the rapidity of his recovery.

"Think of it," he said, "twenty or thirty years ago if Mr. Swinburne had had an attack like this he is recovering from, he would have died because the doctors were helpless. But oxygen has saved his life."

"Up till the day he fell ill," Mr. Watts-Dunton went on, "Mr. Swinburne had been in the daily habit of taking a good long vigorous walk, and we all attribute his stock of health to this wholesome regimen. Only yesterday I was talking with him about longevity, and we were disputing which was the better for a writing-man—to fall off at the height of his career, or to go on living and being pestered by the perpetual cry of his critics that his last work will not compare with his work in years gone by. Mr. Swinburne has to put up with this kind of thing, of course, and it sometimes makes him despondent."

"I remember, too, that the last time I met Tennyson he was in his eighty-third year; and he said (almost in view of death) that he felt keenly just that persecution of absurd comparisons of which I have spoken. And here's a letter I received from George Meredith yesterday. He remarks on the coincidence that he has just been under the doctor's hands himself. He says the medical men have 'pulled him through,' and that it is 'an ill service to a man of seventy-five.'"

"I confess I can't see why men of this stamp should talk in that strain. The proper age for a man to live is a hundred—that is, under fair conditions; and when science and discovery are doing everything to ensure those conditions for us, we ought to help by keeping in as serene a frame of mind as possible."

## A RUSH WITH BALL DRESSES.

William Clarkson, the theatrical costumier, of Wellington-street, was fined £26 10s. yesterday at Bow-street for employing four women and a girl overtime without giving the necessary notice to the Factory Inspector, in preparing costumes urgently required for the ball at Covent Garden to-night.

## WOMEN LAWYERS.

## The Fight to Gain Admission to Inns of Court.

Miss Bertha Cave is the pioneer of a movement which may end in lady barristers gracing English Courts of Justice, and even defending murderers, as a French feminine advocate did in Toulouse the other day.

The benchers of Gray's Inn have refused to admit Miss Cave as a student, and her appeal comes before a special tribunal of law lords to-morrow. It is really a fight against precedent.

There was a similar petition by Miss Margaret Hall in Scotland in 1901, but it was dismissed on the ground of "inveterate custom and usage." The profession itself was not averse to women entering it, and it is rumoured that even the Gray's Inn benchers are favourably inclined to Miss Cave's cause could but the "he's" and "him's" of their statutes be regarded as interchangeable with the feminine pronouns.

As in the case of women medical practitioners, the struggle is one to be fought at the doors of the schools, and not one to be renewed when the student has attained the necessary qualifications. Among those by whom to-morrow's proceedings will be watched with the keenest interest is a Manchester lady who, like Miss Cave, is awaiting permission to enter upon a legal career.

NO IMPEDIMENT IN SWITZERLAND.  
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Monday.  
The first woman lawyer in French Switzerland, Mlle. Favre, took her seat, which is specially reserved, according to Swiss custom, at the tribunal here on Saturday. From all appearances Mlle. Favre will have an uphill fight in this town to retain her position, for she is politely ignored by her male confrères. However, she passed her examination with brilliancy, and will plead her first case, in which she defends one of her own sex, within the next fortnight.

## FORGED LOVE LETTERS.

## Widow Sentenced to Fourteen Months' Imprisonment.

Mrs. Hannah Evans, a widow, her son Thomas, and Jane Davies were found guilty yesterday at Cardiff Assizes of perjury and the forging of love-letters, for production in a breach of promise action.

Last March Mrs. Evans sued a Mr. Thomas for breach of promise, and lost her case. In the course of the trial, certain love-letters which she stated she had received from Thomas were declared by the Home Office writing expert to be forgeries.

Mrs. Davies yesterday declared on oath that the solicitor for the prosecution, Mr. Dabne, had advised her to admit writing the letters, although she persisted in her denial.

In cross-examination she was shown a letter by Mr. Evans, K.C., M.P., which she said at first was in her own handwriting, but directly afterwards she denied having written it. The learned counsel informed her that she had written the letter in question at his dictation during the trial. Mrs. Evans then admitted her authorship.

After three hours' absence the jury found the three prisoners guilty, and sentence of fourteen months' imprisonment was passed upon Mrs. Evans. Thomas Evans and Jane Davies were sentenced to six months' each.

## STRANGE CASE OF A JEALOUS WIFE.

The Divorce Court was occupied yesterday with the matrimonial complications of a Dr. and Mrs. Neligan. Their case had been before the court several times, and an agreement of compromise had been arranged. The wife now applied that this should be set aside, while the husband asked that it should be executed.

At the time of the marriage Mrs. Neligan had settled £14,000 on her husband, and gave him £400 a year, on consideration of his giving up maternity cases.

On the evening of the compromise, which arranged for a separation, Mrs. Neligan met her husband, threw her arms round his neck, and said: "Oh, Will, this cannot be; I cannot live without you!" The wife now claimed that all differences had been made up between her and her husband, but he, on the other hand, contended that it was impossible that there should be a reconciliation between them.

The motion was adjourned for a fortnight.

## PROTECTION FOR BALLET GIRLS.

It appears from a report of the Theatres Committee, which the London County Council will consider to-morrow, that special arrangements are being made at the Alhambra Theatre to reduce the risk of fire on the stage to a minimum. The dresses of the ballet girls are to be treated with a fire-resisting chemical.

## SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

## FIRE CAUSED BY SNOW.

A motor on the Paris Metropolitan Railway took fire yesterday morning on the Outer Boulevards section, in consequence of a short circuit due to the fact that the rails were covered with snow. The passengers were safely got out and the fire was easily extinguished. As the snow lying on the rails interrupted the current traffic was suspended.

## FUNERAL WREATHS ON FIRE.

During Divine service at St. Mark's, Belgrade, a day or two ago, the wreaths on the tombs of the murdered King Alexander and Queen Draga (our correspondent states) caught fire from an adjacent candle. The fire, fortunately, was soon extinguished, but at first considerable alarm was caused among the congregation.

## THE NEXT GORDON BENNETT RACE.

Thursday, December 31, is the last day for entering for the 1904 Gordon Bennett Cup eliminating trials for the selection of the three motor-cars which shall represent Great Britain in the great contest which is to be held some time next summer on German soil.

It is expected that Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Holland, the United States of America, and Great Britain will all compete.

The Deutscher Automobil Club is hard at work settling the preliminary details.

## AN ARCHDUCAL CARPENTER.

All the male members of the House of Hapsburg, Austria's Imperial Family, have to learn some trade as boys. Archduke Otto chose that of carpenter, and has kept up his interest in this handiwork, often visiting the Vienna Association of Carpenters and Turners. His Imperial Highness has now presented the Association with his masterpiece for the Christmas exhibition, in the form of an arm-chair of old style, in mahogany. The Archduke made this chair in the seventies.

## TEN-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST.

The little ten-year-old violinist, Franz Vecsey, who has just returned to Buda-Pesth from Berlin, had the honour of an Imperial reception. The German Empress took him on her lap and talked to him about his brothers and sisters.

"What did you call her?" the little boy was asked. "Auntie Empress," was the answer. A lady tried to pat him, but he drew back, saying that he detested all aunts. "In Berlin they gave me no peace. I shall never make love to them."

## "MY MOTHER, WHO IS WITH GOD."

The German Emperor has added brilliancy to the Cross of the House of Hohenzollern already possessed by Herr Vegas, who recently executed the sarcophagus for the remains of the Empress Frederick. In an autograph letter to Herr Vegas the Emperor expresses his pleasure with the sarcophagus, and says:—

At the sight of the work, reminding me of my mother, who is with God, a pious feeling comes over and animates me in loving memory of the dear dead one.

## THE MOUNTAIN DOG WATCH.

Barry, the celebrated St. Bernard dog, whose stuffed body may be seen in the museum at Berne, has a worthy successor in Turk, a dog of the same breed, belonging to the monks of the hospice of St. Bernard.

Recently (our Geneva correspondent writes) Turk saved the life of an Italian workman, whom the dog found buried under two yards of snow on the international route from Italy to Switzerland. Unable to rouse the man from his torpor Turk ran to the hospice, an hour and a half distant, and guided the devoted monks to the spot where the Italian lay. This is the twenty-third life that Turk has saved from the mountain snows.

Every night Turk takes his stand on an eminence commanding the route, and nothing escapes his eye.

## STOCK EXCHANGE FLUCTUATIONS.

There is nothing the Stock Markets like less than politics, and the talk of the strained relations between Russia and Japan gave the markets a nasty jar at the opening yesterday. Speculators for the time at once began to sell out their stocks, and speculators for the fall came into prominence, but Consols rallied, and closed firm, as there was a rumour about in the afternoon to the effect that there was better news from the Far East.

One of the great American finance houses was buying Argentine Rails. This was interpreted as meaning that the firm saw its way to investing money again, and consequently the dealers argued that the American outlook must be brighter, or the firm would not be looking up its resources in this way. The news flashed over America seemed to harden up the market there, and so the close here was firm, after prices had looked anything but satisfactory.

Home Rails were sick and sorry. It is all owing to fears of new capital issues. Even the story that five Scottish railways were combining in a kind of working agreement in the hope of cutting expenditure fell quite flat.

There seemed to be a grim satisfaction when it was announced that, owing to the necessity for certain structural alterations, the Stock Exchange is to be closed on Saturday next. Dealers gloomily remarked that they lost less money by stopping away altogether.

A new prospectus made its appearance. It was that of a Preference issue of 200,000 £7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each in G. Beer, Limited. The peculiarity is that, after the Ordinary shares receive 7 per cent., the Preference are entitled to an extra non-voting dividend of 2 per cent. out of the remaining net profits. The company will be concerned with the well-known business of M. Gustave Beer, costumed in Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Sackville-street, Piccadilly. The Preference dividends are guaranteed for five years, and £20,000 is invested with trustees for the purpose.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S  
NEW NOVEL

## "DOUBLE HARNESS"

STARTS TO-DAY ON  
PAGE 9.



## A GREAT DETECTIVE.

Supt. Melville, the Terror of Anarchists, Retires.

Superintendent William Melville, of Scotland Yard, the famous detective, retired yesterday after thirty-one years' service in the force which he has so adorned.

He is lucky to escape with a whole skin, for his life has been attempted as frequently as those of the monarchs who owe their safety to his vigilance. On one occasion he was even bearded in his den at Scotland Yard by an armed anarchist, whose revolver he seized, and now shows as a trophy. The man himself he promptly flung downstairs.

Supt. Melville was only recently presented with a souvenir by King Edward, whom he had escorted to Lisbon, Rome, Paris, and Vienna; and his retention of his office for an additional month was arranged so that the King and Queen of Italy might have the benefit of his services.

With the anarchist pure and simple, if such lamblike epithets may be applied to so ferocious a creature, Supt. Melville was more at home than any British police-officer. Speaking French and Italian fluently, he was easily able to pass for a member of the tribe. He attended their meetings, was elected to their clubs, danced with their wives and daughters, and enjoyed their confidence in an unlimited degree.

## Some Famous "Catches."

Occasionally he was obliged to attend to business when in their company, and it is recorded of him that more than once he caught his man red-handed and made him deliver up the deadly bomb that was about to be hurled at some unfortunate personage or public building.

It was Mr. Melville who defeated the famous chloroform scheme by which the Anarchists hoped to gain an enormous increase to their funds. The plan was, briefly, to chloroform members of the aristocratic clubs on their way home, rifle their pockets, and devote the proceeds to "the cause." Mr. Melville arrested the leader of the gang, who had a bottle of chloroform in his possession, and Mr. Justice Hawkins did the rest.

When the Emperor William was in London Superintendent Melville discovered a German who was bent on the assassination of his Emperor. Having neither warrant nor specific orders to arrest this man, Mr. Melville lured him into a wine cellar, turned the key on him, and kept him safely "bottled up" until the Kaiser had departed.

But the heaviest blow ever dealt at Anarchism in this country was when Mr. Melville surprised and broke up the notorious "Automobile Club," of Windmill-street, Tottenham Court-road. Battola, the famous bomb expert, whose classes were held in a cellar at Walsall, and whose lectures on time fuses and the properties of various explosives are unique in the records of Anarchism, was bagged by Superintendent Melville in this celebrated raid.

Superintendent Melville's services to the heads of many States are evident from his numerous decorations. He wears the Victorian Order, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Order of the Crown of Italy, the Austrian Franz Josef Order, the Spanish Order of Isabella the Catholic, the Portuguese Order of Christ, and the Danebrog Order of Denmark.

## M.P.'s BACK FROM PARIS.

"We have had the best of good times," said one of the returned M.P.'s wives, as to her Paris visit. "All the French Deputies and their wives combined to show us how hospitable the French can be. We were not left to our own devices one moment."

A great number of the ladies have stopped in Paris for a day or two in order to shop. One M.P. who had left his wife behind in London found time to make many purchases for her in the gay city. She anxiously awaited his arrival at Charing Cross yesterday.

"I'm glad you've come, my dear," he said, as he got out of the train with cardboard boxes hung all round him. "I haven't dared to lose sight of these things since I left Paris."

## THE WEATHER AFFECTS RESTAURANTS.

Depression of trade, consequent on the disastrously wet summer, has been severely felt even in the establishments which combine restaurant business and afternoon tea. The chairman and managing director of Slaters, Ltd., stated yesterday, at the shareholders' meeting, that their West End shops had felt the effects of the business depression which seemed so widespread, but which appeared likely to shortly pass away. Had they had a normal summer it would have made a difference of quite 2 per cent. in the net profit.

## LADY SERVANTS AT BATH.

An advertisement in the "Bath Herald" reads:—

Two lady servants in Bath are desirous of communicating with others in a like capacity with a view to friendship.

Bath has probably more domestics than any other city in the country in proportion to its population. Perhaps the idea is to rival the achievements of the select company of Bath footmen whom Dickens immortalised. The house where the leg of mutton "swary" was served can still be pointed out.

## GIRL "NEWS-BOYS."

Ladies' Deputation's Objections to Mr. Stead's New Plan.

Mr. W. T. Stead proposes to employ "bright" girls from the Board schools, between fourteen and sixteen years old, to distribute his new daily paper.

A deputation from the Women's Industrial Council, headed by Miss Clementina Black, yesterday waited on the veteran journalist to dissuade him from this plan. They would have him employ widows, of whom there are 197,000 now in London.

"If you employ girls of fourteen to sixteen for three hours in the morning at 5s. a week," said the deputation, "there is little likelihood that they will settle down to other work during the rest of the day. They will absolutely neglect technical education, and by the time they are sixteen will be more unfit to take their part in any skilled work than when they left school at fourteen. The roughest work in the poorest factory affords better training."

Mr. Stead thinks nothing of the kind would happen. His, he says, is really a scheme for secondary education. Teachers find it extremely difficult to induce girls to continue their studies after they leave the Board school on account of the hard industrial career they enter on. But if they work three hours in the morning, the rest of the day will be their own to attend polytechnics and evening continuation schools. At the same time they will earn as much and more in three hours as they would otherwise in a full working day.

Mr. Stead proposes to give a preference to girls who actually attend continuation classes, and in time will employ these only.

In reply to other objections as to the moral danger of life as a newsreader, Mr. Stead said every girl would be under supervision, and would have no time to get into mischief. "I will do what I can for the widows," he added, as the deputation withdrew.

"We have talked in a circle," replied the ladies.

## SALARY BY WEIGHT.

How a Fat Boy Earns as Much as Some Cabinet Ministers.

There is money in being stout—if you are stouter than anyone else.

The abnormally fat boy of Peckham, Johnny Trundle, who burst upon an astonished world not long ago, is reaping the reward of his "virtue"—the qualification of being bigger than ever boy was known to be.

A month ago he was only a local celebrity; to-day he enjoys national notoriety, and enterprising music-hall impresarios compete for his appearance in their "palaces."

Johnny has been engaged to appear at two South London music-halls at a salary of £10 a week for each hall, and Mr. Moss, of the Hippodrome, has secured him for the Edinburgh Empire Music Hall later on at £40 a week.

Let us consider for a moment what it means to be exceptionally fat. This salary of £40 a week for superfluous bulk comes to a little more than £2,000 a year. Sheer dead weight and the energy necessary to stand and be gazed at earns more than scores of men of the professions, men of keen brain, lifelong training, and minds stored with vast learning.

Some of our diplomatists abroad are content with £1,500 to £2,000 a year.

Certain members of the Cabinet have salaries no higher than the fat boy—statesmen who endure the nightly strain of the Commons and the heavy daily work of office. The President of the Board of Agriculture, the President of the Local Government Board, and the President of the Board of Education, all receive only £2,000 a year; and the Postmaster-General has but £500 yearly more than the fat boy of Peckham.

## GREAT FINGALL FORGERIES.

Stockbrokers' Claim to Recover £20,000 Advanced to Rowe.

An action brought by Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg, stockbrokers, limited, Messrs. Fingall Consolidated, Limited, Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., mining engineers and managers of the Great Fingall Company, and Messrs. Lazard Brothers, bankers and merchants, to recover £20,000 advanced to Anthony Stanley Rowe on a certificate for 5,000 Great Fingall shares, which Rowe's former partners, Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., allege to have been a forgery, was heard yesterday in the King's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Kennedy and a special jury.

Messrs. Lazard Brothers, who had actually found the £20,000 that was advanced to Rowe, were only brought into the case so that all the necessary parties should appear before the court.

On December 27 or 28 last, it will be remembered, Rowe absconded, or at least confessed that he had been guilty of a number of serious frauds, borrowing upwards of £100,000 on the strength of forgeries on the Great Fingall Company, of which he was secretary, and other companies.

Yesterday Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg, who had advanced Rowe £20,000 on the strength of one of these forgeries, sought to recover damages from Messrs. Bewick and Moreing, managers of the Great Fingall Company, and in whose firm Rowe had, until his confession, been a partner. They themselves had had to refund Messrs. Lazard Brothers the £20,000, and now brought this action on the ground that whether the transfer certificate which Rowe had forged was genuine or not either Rowe's former partners or the Great Fingall Company were responsible for the acts of their secretary or partner.

Yesterday's evidence was mainly confined to that given by Mr. Lindo, a partner in the plaintiff firm, who had conducted the actual transaction with Rowe, whom he had always considered an upright and honourable man.

When Rowe confessed to him that he was interested in 5,000 shares on joint account with a Mr. Storey, whose interest in the parcel he wished to purchase, as Mr. Storey wanted to sell while Rowe was certain of a rise, Mr. Lindo had no hesitation in finding the £20,000 that would enable Rowe to complete the transaction, the shares standing as security.

Mr. Lindo had been on friendly terms with Rowe, visiting him at his private house in Hyde Park-square, and regarding him as a person very comfortably situated.

The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

## NEXT SESSION.

Parliament will be Opened in State by the King.

It is the present intention of the King to open the ensuing session of Parliament in person. It will be a full state ceremony. The new Procession-road down the Mall, in St. James's Park, will then be used for the first time.

The Press Association states it has the highest authority for denying the rumour that the Government decided at its meetings on Friday and Saturday that the general election should take place in the coming spring.

## MILLIONAIRE INTESTATE.

Part of a Large Fortune Comes to Mr. Gibson Bowles's Wife.

The late Mr. Penn, Conservative member for Lewisham, died, it has now become known, intestate. His wealth, which must have exceeded a million, is consequently divisible among his two daughters. One is married to Mr. Gibson Bowles, the vivacious M.P. who is so often a sharp thorn in the side of the Government. The other daughter is not married.

## SHORT HOME NEWS.

## BANNER THAT KILLS BEHOLDERS.

The "banner of death," a Chinese temple ornament painted with groups of uncouth gods, was offered at Sotheby's yesterday, but was not sold.

This remarkable relic came from Shan-haikwan, and is supposed to have the power of killing any Chinaman who looks on it.

## A THOROUGHFARE CLOSED.

Many commercial and legal gentlemen were present at a meeting yesterday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, to protest against the complete closing of Great Queen-street in connection with the Holborn to Strand Improvement. The chairman, Mr. J. F. Remant, M.P., said that the London County Council hardly seemed to realise the consequences of blocking up the street.

## MR. RUMFORD'S MISADVENTURE.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, on his way to Bath with his wife, Madame Clara Butt, to sing at a concert in that city last evening, found when he got there that part of his luggage had gone astray. It contained his evening dress, and he had therefore to appear before a vast audience in the unconventional attire of a tweed travelling suit. Madame Butt introduced her two sisters, who sang duets, as Misses Pauline and Ethel Hook.

## LIVERPOOL LADY'S MUNIFICENCE.

Newton Hall, Kingsley, near Runcorn, was dedicated yesterday as the tenth of the children's homes (established by Dr. Stephenson) by Miss Fowler, of Queen's Park, Liverpool, who has given £20,000 for the purpose in memory of her brother, the late Mr. John Fowler, a merchant, of Liverpool. The hall and estate of twenty acres cost nearly £4,000, and the balance is to be used for the erection of dwellings to accommodate 230 children, with school buildings and industrial houses, and all the adjuncts for such a colony.

## GARDEN SUBURB FOR HAMPSHIRE.

A syndicate has been formed, consisting of Mrs. S. A. Barnett, of Toynebe Hall, Earl Grey, the Earl of Crewe, the Bishop of London, Sir John Gorst, Sir Robert Hunter, Mr. Walter Hazell, and Mr. Herbert Mannham, to establish a "garden suburb" for the industrial classes at Hampstead. The site selected consists of 243 acres, lying to the north-west of Wildes Farm, on the edge of the heath, and an option of purchase has been granted by the Eton College Trustees, who are the owners of the property.

## FOX-HUNTING ON THE ROOFS.

A strange hunting incident occurred recently at the Atherstone Foxhounds in South Leicestershire. A young dog fox who had been busted out of the Sutton woodlands made off in the direction of Market Bosworth. At the rear of the Black Horse Inn he made his way on to some outbuildings to escape the attention of a crowd of villagers, and, as an enterprising tradesman climbed after him, retreated on to a higher roof. Just before the arrival of the hounds he came down and crossed the street, jumped the school wall, and went to earth in a sand-pit.

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Mr. Fordham, the magistrate at North London Police Court, yesterday found a subtle way out of a peculiar case under the last Licensing Act. A married woman was charged before him with being drunk while in charge of her daughter Mabel, aged two years and six months. The woman, who had been spending the evening with a friend, was undoubtedly intoxicated, but she said her husband had sent the child to bring her home and they were on their way home when the constable intervened.

The magistrate said it was evident the child was in charge of the woman, so he could not convict the woman of being in charge of the child. She was let off with a fine of 5s.

## ITALIAN CHILD SLAVES IN LONDON.

The small Italian children who seek to tempt the charity of passers-by in the London streets by means of an accordion and a monkey are familiar objects. One of them was charged yesterday at North London. The boy ran his fingers along the keys of the accordion, then held out his hand for money. Among those from whom he begged was a magistrate.

Subsequent investigation at the address which he gave in Plaistow revealed, it was stated, that a number of children, boys and girls up to the age of eighteen, had been shipped to this country from Italy, and were living here, without parents, in the condition of slaves. In one house of four rooms no fewer than thirty-eight Italians were living.

## BIRMINGHAM RACES.

The National Hunt season proper was inaugurated yesterday at Birmingham, the results of the racing being:—

Race.	Volante.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Steeplechase Hdl (10)	Spread Eagle	Masson	6 to 1	
King's Norton Steeplechase	Spread Eagle	Morgan	4 to 1	
Cheveley Hdl (2)	Cosmo	Post	Mr Hastings	2 to 9
Swadlow St Steeplechase	De Ruyter	Mr Cadogan	8 to 1	
Three-year-Old H (2)	Magenta Boy	Taylor	5 to 4	
Sally Oak St (5)	White Eyes	Green	11 to 10	

To-day the following horses appear to have chances:—Selling Flat (2 miles)—Didn't Know or Carrigan; Sutton Handicap Hurdle (2 miles)—Jovial King or Pepper; Handicap Steeplechase (2 miles)—Strategy or Hidden Love; Edgbaston Handicap Hurdle (2 miles)—Reclamation or Booty; Colshill Steeplechase (3 miles)—Lawrence or Morning Dawn; Maiden Hurdle (2 miles)—L'Chang or Economist.

## To-Day's Arrangements.

## To-day's Weddings.

Captain H. H. Tudor, Royal Horse Artillery, and Miss Eva Gertrude Josephine Edwards, only daughter of Mr. Lea Priestley Edwards, 61, Esplanade, Scarborough, at St. Martin's Church, Scarborough.

Captain Allington, the East Lancashire Regiment, and Miss Gladys Evelyn Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Major T. Bramston Hamilton, of Bitterne Grove, Hants, at St. Leonard's Church, Hythe, Kent.

## General.

The Queen's birthday.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opens in the Memorial Hall, Upper Street, Islington, a bazaar in aid of the restoration of the parish church, Islington.

Primrose League: Ladies' Grand Council, drawing-room meeting (by kind permission of Mrs. Knowles Corrie), 45, Leinster-gardens, 3.30.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies presides at the Australian dinner to Lord Northcote, Trocadero Restaurant, 7.30.

Annual Address oratorio at St. Paul's Cathedral, Spohr's "Last Judgment," 7.

Grand Mark Lodge: Nomination of the Duke of Connaught for re-election as Grand Master, Mark Mason's Hall, 6.

## Theatres.

Alhambra, "The Devil's Forge," doors open 7.45.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kays," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Haymarket, "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

Hippodrome, Cigarettes and Varieties, 2 and 8.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.15.

Queen's (Small Hall), "The Follies," 3.15 and 8.30.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30.

Royalty, "Heimat," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, A Chinese Honeymoon, 8.15.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

\* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.





SOME DIVERSE VIEWS.

THE girl felt hurt. She nearly cried. Somebody had said something, after the manner of somebodies who are given to saying things. It was unkind. It was absurd. She had a tiny flat of her own, and three days before a friend had called and stayed to tea. But it had happened, through no fault of his own, that the friend was a man! Hence, she had been hearing about it ever since—indirectly.

She carried it away to talk over with a friend—a nice, thoroughly senior, kind of friend, used to take her out before she lived in a flat by herself. She asked if she did anything really very wrong in pouring out tea for friends who hadn't been able to help being men.

The lady sat a very long way off—a great space of fireplace, lonely drawing-room, and problem in between. Then she said, "I'm sure I don't know what women in flats can or can't do. I only know the laws of society, and they were never framed with a supposition anywhere in sight that a lady could live in a flat by herself. So I really don't see that there is anything that applies to you."

The girl ceased to feel hurt after that. Since the laws of society no longer applied to her, she could be a law unto herself. And she was.

#### A Mother's Views.

But views vary on the subject. Those of another lady in very smart society were a little different. She is mother to four remarkably handsome girls. Asked about the onerousness of her duties as chaperon she explained that they pressed on her extremely lightly.

I go to big functions with them, of course, but I never worry over them when I once get them there. And as for amusing themselves by day, I assure you they do every thing entirely on their own. They go out cycling for whole-day excursions, each with her own friends, and they go out hunting whenever there is a meet within reach.

I don't believe in worrying girls—it only makes them go just the opposite way. And my girls are so thoroughly up-to-date. Why, Marjorie is only fourteen, and she has her own little love affair on now—not quite an engagement, you know, but nearly—and her friend helps her to back the right horse so kindly.

To which extreme do Mr. Stead's views incline? He is canvassing the Board schools for "2,000 bright girls," who would otherwise be engaged in domestic duties or preparing for examinations, to sell and distribute newspapers every morning.

He promises the headmistresses that "every care will be taken for their supervision and protection," and Miss Clementina Black, who feels anxious and worried about them, wants to know if this is to be construed into a promise of a chaperon each.

We trust it does. London will then have many diversions to enjoy immediately after Christmas, and the experiences of those chaperons are likely to be thrilling. An elephant trying to keep a squirrel in order would be simplicity itself in comparison. Unless she is to keep them in leash.

#### "Happy Thomson!"

If the girls behave quite nicely while they are out, and prove as "bright" as he has asked the headmistresses to make them, Mr. Stead promises to promote them to the regular staff of the paper. If they all gain their promotion at the same time, those chaperons, like most of those in other spheres, will find themselves "out of work"! All except one. For when he is inundated with an addition of 2,000 bright girls of fourteen years and upwards, it is certainly expected that the unfortunate editor will retain the services of one of the 2,000 chaperons for his own protection. As the curates do.

The abolition of the chaperon is regretted by no section of society more sincerely than by the downright hard-working curate of a busy parish—more especially if he happens (and he often does) to be good-looking.

One of these curates, as earnest a man as ever lived, gifted beyond the average, and dowered with a private income, working in a parish composed of dock slums and outlying suburban villas, expressed his feelings yesterday about the number of unchaperoned girls who are always applying to him for counsel and parish work.

It makes all the difference to me (he added) for I've had to engage a chaperon for myself. I simply don't attempt the work without her. On the whole she is a success, though at times it is rather a nuisance, for every now and then she forgets she is my chaperon, and thinks she is my nursery governess, and I hate to hurt her feelings by having to remind her. Oh, happy Thomson—he has no district visitors!

The curate's regret always ends with this apostrophe to a friend—an old schoolfellow and college friend, who is working in a North of England parish which has no lady-workers. He is a continual source of envy to the persecuted man in the south!

Girls themselves are wholly divided in their opinions about it!

There are very few of them who are not glad that there is much less chaperon neces-

## THE CHAPERON.

SHALL WE REVIVE HER?

sary than there was. But there are very few who do not wish there was just a little more of them than there is!

If only there was some half-way stage, so that one could have the comfort of a chaperon to fall back upon when you don't know enough people, or when things get tiresome and go crooked, without having the fetters of someone always on hand breaking up spontaneity, and worrying you all the time—that is what everyone sighs for. And that is just where the fine art of being a good chaperon comes in!

The younger ones as a whole are the gladdest to be rid of "the encumbrance"—"A chaperon—no, thank you! I can take care of myself," they say. And their indignant friends say for them!

Well, everyone can take care of themselves until the moment comes, then—nobody can!

## ACTRESS-MANAGERS.

### THE NEW VENTURE OF TWO LADIES AT THE COMEDY.

THE new theatrical management which is about to begin operations at the Comedy will attract very much more than ordinary attention, for the reason that two out of the three people primarily concerned in it are actresses, and not, as is usual in such cases—an actor and his supporters.

Mrs. Maesmore Morris and Miss Beryl Faber, in partnership with Mr. Sydney Valentine, comprise the personnel of the new management, and from them some interesting plays may with good reason be expected. Influenced no doubt by the approach of Christmas their first production will be of a character to bring it into touch with the sentiment of that festival, but afterwards "The Gadshys" and other plays of a little more serious type will follow.

Miss Beryl Faber knows the theatre, from the unshielded side of the footlights, thoroughly; has played in comedy and tragedy; and on one occasion—this was in "A Country Girl," at Daly's—ventured even into musical comedy.

She is the wife of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, whose last play, "The Wisdom of Folly," was, curiously enough, produced at the Comedy, into which theatre Miss Faber now comes as part manager.



## The Novel Reader.

### FICTION OF THE MOMENT.

#### A GLANCE AROUND.

TIME was, and not so very long ago, when the reading of novels was supposed to be a distinctly frivolous way of spending one's time. When it was whispered that some great man, Bismarck, for instance, found his greatest relaxation in reading Gaboriau or Paul de Kock, only novelists understood and sympathized with his pleasing weakness.

Now, however, thanks perhaps in a measure to the novel with a purpose, one wonders who invented that capital and for a while selling phrase; thanks to the preachers who take a popular story for their text, even the most serious folk openly devote a good deal of their spare time to fiction.

Of course, opinions differ as to what is a good novel. Even the term "good" is extremely elastic in its appellation; perhaps I may be permitted to quote in this somewhat different connection a very striking sermon which I once heard delivered by the late Cardinal Manning.

"Of course," he said, "I know that I am preaching here to good people"; then, giving one of the curious penetrating glances which seemed to seek out and establish a personal relation between himself and each one of his hearers, he added, "But are you good?"

#### Romances and Romance.

The most remarkable literary star of the moment is Mr. Joseph Conrad. Thanks in a measure to the fact that he is a foreigner—a Pole—and to his having had many wonderful adventures by land and sea, he has been able to strike a really new note in our literature. Though there are some who do not care so much for "Romance" (Smith Elder), written by him in collaboration with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, as they do for "The Nigger of the Narcissus" or "Typhoon," the book must appeal to every lover of style and of exciting adventures told as he alone can tell them.

The lover of romance is well catered for this autumn. Delightful are "The Adventures of Gerard" (Newnes), in which Sir A. Conan Doyle gives his readers, in addition to his excellent Napoleonic story, a valuable list of the authorities consulted by him—a precedent which might well be followed by other writers of historical romance. How interesting and even valuable would have been some such list prefixed to the late Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's story concerning the same period, "Barlasch of the Guard," which is being very much asked for now at the libra-

## GRIM AND GLOOMY.

### MAXIM GORKI'S FOUR-ACT SKETCH OF MISERY IN MOSCOW.

PEOPLE often come away from Stage Society performances asking "What was it all about?"

The large audience which left the Great Queen-street Theatre in a chastened mood a little after five yesterday afternoon, seemed to consist entirely of people who had this query upon their lips.

What was "The Lower Depths" all about? About nothing in particular. And yet there were four acts of it? Yes; four long, solid acts, which lasted for just over three long solid hours.

But there must have been a plot? Well, if there was, it escaped notice. The four acts all passed in one scene—a Night Refuge, in other words a common lodging-house, in Moscow. The characters were the people who frequent this unsavoury lodging—ruffians glorying in their ruffianism—broken-down wretches who have seen better times, drunkards and ne'er-do-weels of every variety.

They came in and out, and among them moved, like a visitant from the world above, the pathetic figure of an old, frail peasant, doing what he could to raise from their shame and misery those few who were still capable of being raised.

#### No "Action" Whatever.

He whispered of rest and Paradise to the dying; tried to persuade the tipplers that they could cure themselves of the craving for drink; urged the young to get out of their horrible surroundings. Yet, so far as one could see, his comfort and counsel had no good result. When the curtain fell upon the fourth act, the inhabitants of the "lower depths" were in no better case than they had been when it rose upon the first.

Maxim Gorki has, in a word, no dramatic sense. He has not the glimmering of an idea how to begin to write a play.

At the same time, his work gave several players a good opportunity to make a mark out of their accustomed lines. Mr. Welch got a great deal of poetry, and some humour as well, out of the "ministering angels" part. Mr. Farren Soutar showed that he is capable of better things than "A Chinese Honey-moon."

Mr. A. E. George made a broken-down actor stand out vividly; Miss Eily Malyon left a good impression by her sketch of a passionate peasant girl, and a number of other actors and actresses, more or less known, helped to create an illusion of reality.

But reality on the stage and realism in drama are two very different qualities, as Maxim Gorki must learn before he can be called a dramatist.

## ENGLAND'S SHAME.

### AMONG THE BABY-WASTERS.

#### A WOMAN ADDS HER TESTIMONY TO MR. SHERARD'S INDICTMENT.

HUSH! It is only a baby! But tread softly, for somewhere half-way between earth and Heaven the angels are halting, undecided whether to leave it down here, or whether or not to take it home, where babies never waste away and never moan.

Ten days ago they seemed to be just stretching out their hands for it, but someone had heard of these little pink and blue cribs where babies get better, and they brought it here. For ten days the angels have halted—it is just possible they will leave it here now.

Would you like to look at it? Pull back the blue coverlet gently, and loosen that soft, cosy blanket. Have you ever seen a baby quite so tiny, quite so blue looking? Have you ever seen arms quite so small—less in size than your finger, with such strange, transparent skin hanging empty from a bone that looks like a small pencil inserted through it; down the tiny fingers they look only like white threads showing through.

#### Only a Typical Baby.

If Matron lets you see its neck and shoulders, you will shiver and grow cold; you may see it in your dreams. You may waken again and again, seeing all the happy babies you love and dream about grown like that one!

But it is only "a really typical marmoset baby," Matron says—just a little East End waster, starved just to dying point. Not starved for want of food at all; but starved by having been fed on food that never really fed it, never nourished it. It is four months old and it weighs nearly 6lb., instead of the normal 14lb. for its age.

The other day one was brought in weighing just 3½lbs. at a month old—healthy babies weigh 8lb. at birth. Not all the care of Dr. Ralph Vincent could save that, wonderful as are the effects that great man gets, who gives up absolutely free such un stinting measures of time and skill to these wasting babies.

#### "Like Dead Rabbits."

Here are a little brother and sister, twins—one in a blue-trimmed crib, with a little blue "nightie"; the other in a pink crib with a pink "nightie." They came in when they were eight months old, the boy weighing 5½lbs. instead of 18lbs. "They looked just like dead rabbits," says a sister in passing, "not a limb moved."

That was two months ago; to-day they are 4lbs. heavier—the girl still a pound ahead; she always beat her brother! And they can positively kick and crow! Across the ward is another baby. His name is John Bull, but he bears no resemblance to that national hero. He is rather long, and so very, very thin; so still and hushed-looking.

Somehow it gives you a curious feeling like that, too—you feel as though you couldn't speak above a whisper—as though in the presence of some fearful thing altogether too great for you!

That is exactly it! It is the presence of a fearful thing! It isn't exactly that it matters greatly that that particular baby weighed 7½lbs. instead of 17½lbs., and that it is like that all through the wards. It isn't exactly that life is such a joyous thing that one would wholly grieve to know them safe from some of the fighting!

#### The Hopeless Outlook.

It is that England is cursing herself with children like this by hundreds and by thousands, and by tens of thousands; children that can never make strong men, children that can never be even averagely developed men and women. How many can this hospital of St. Francis at Hampstead reach—the first of its kind in the world? It is those that don't die, and which it cannot reach and save, that matter. Those hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands who are just like that, but struggle through somehow, and for whom afterwards it can never be anything but struggle!

Of the system and its potentialities there will be another chance to write, but this stands out as the fact for England to grapple with—and she shows no sign of doing so—in the words of that hospital's own physician:

At the present time it is an absolute impossibility for the poor mother to obtain for her infant the food essential to normal growth and development. The general milk supply in this country is altogether disgraceful. The milk is so contaminated by filth of every description that it is quite unsuitable for the purpose of infant feeding.

#### A "Tinkering" Remedy.

Is anything to be done about it? Mr. Sherard, with great optimism, speaks of our receiving a "report" from a Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration. At present it isn't even appointed! What we are at present put off with is a "committee" to consider whether it is worth while or necessary to have one! It consists of seven most estimable gentlemen, but it includes not one physician at all, no expert having intimate knowledge of the social and living conditions of the working-class or the poor, no expert in food supplies (or impossibilities!) in working-class and rural districts in the matter of milk, fruit, meat, and tinned foods!

Marion Elliston.

## THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

MUSK OF ROSES. (An Uncommon Story.) By Mary L. Pendered. Cassell.  
THE PRISON PRINCE. (A Romantic Story.) By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper.  
THE VICES OF THE VIRTUOUS. (A Study of "Smart Society.") By the Author of "Sir Anthony and the Eve Lamb." Grant Richards.  
THIRTY YEARS OF GERMAN LIFE IN LONDON. (From 1870 to 1900.) By Hermann Klein. Heinemann.



## SNOW IN LONDON.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,  
Monday Evening.

The first snow has fallen, and brought with it such cold that, if it only continues, the last two months of 1903 will do a great deal to redeem the character of a year quite unequalled for a series of unpleasant happenings in the way of weather.

### In Piccadilly.

It is one of those problems which probably never will be solved, why, as soon as town begins to fill up, the powers that be immediately think fit to mend the road in one of the busiest thoroughfares in London. This time the spot chosen is at the Hyde Park Corner end of Knightsbridge, which this afternoon delayed the traffic for quite ten minutes; while further on, in Piccadilly and Bond-street, were stationed little parties of men either attending to the electric light or repairing the road.

There were but few open carriages to be seen. About to-day, most people preferring closed windows and foot-warmers. The Duchess of Devonshire was shopping this morning, and so were Mrs. Seymour Corkran and her daughter, whose wedding takes place so shortly. Lady Mabel Crichton was out with a maid, but Lady Erne was driving this afternoon, and so was Lady Romney. Mrs. Macdonald was to be seen in Bond-street, where also were Lady de Trafford, Lady Colebrooke, on her way to Stratford House, Lady Crew, warmly wrapped in furs, and Lady Kilmorey, dressed in smartest dark blue.

### A Rendezvous.

Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chaplin were centres of interest at Willis's Rooms, where they both turned in for lunch about two o'clock, and found there a number of other interesting people. Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, wearing black with a bright blue hat, was lunching with her husband; Baron and Baroness de Teyl were together, the latter in grey with a black hat, and Countess Bibiani, with her husband, was another woman who looked noticeably nice. Lord Falconer, he is Lord Kintore's only son, was at the same table as the Duc d'Albe; Mr. Jack Cumming, Mr. Hugh Harrison, and Mr. Henry Milner occupied tables close by, and Mr. Hwa Williams was another man there.

### Where People Are.

Lord and Lady Derby, who returned to Knowsley at the end of last week, have had some people staying with them for the week-end, including the daughters of Lord and Lady Gosford.

Lady Colville is staying at the Grosvenor Hotel.

Lord Wolseley, Sir Maurice Holtzman, Sir Arthur and Lady Rücker, and Sir Norman and Lady Lockyer have been spending the week-end with Sir Trevor and Lady Lawrence at Burford, near Leith Hill.

### An Interesting Sale.

A magnificent collection of jewels and bijouterie, which are to be sold at Christie's on Thursday, are on view there to-morrow, and attract a great deal of notice. They were the property of the late Lady Beaujolais Dent, who inherited a great deal of valuable jewellery from her mother, Lady Charleville. She was a great connoisseur in these matters, and went on adding to her collection, which includes some very antique specimens, until only a short time before her death.

### Dinners and Dinners.

Monday is usually a very crowded night at the various big restaurants, as people return from the country, and numberless dinner-parties are generally given. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were among those to be seen at the Carlton to-night, and Sir Daniel and Lady Gooch and Mr. and Mrs. Drexler were others entertaining, while a very great many men included Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Elcho, Lord Grey, just back from Eastbourne, Lord Crofton, Lord Abinger, and Lord Howard de Walden.

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Lord and Lady Iveagh, who entertain the King next week, are cousins as well as husband and wife. This is the second shooting party at Elvedon this season, but, in accordance with royal etiquette, some of the woods will not be shot over until his Majesty goes there. It is said that it was on his Majesty's advice that Lord Iveagh purchased Elvedon. Lord and Lady Iveagh have the unique distinction of having had three sons married within six months.

Lord Normanby, who, by-the-bye, has just been entertaining a large party of relations at Mulgrave Castle to meet his fiancée, is to be married in London directly after Christmas, and Miss Johnston Foster has decided not to be a rather a long one, as it has taken Lord Normanby a considerable time to wind up the affairs connected with his school.

Miss Foster's only sister, and co-heiress with her in their late father's large property, is married to Lord Inchiquin, and they live

almost entirely at Dromoland Castle in the south of Ireland, having let Moore Park, their other place in Shropshire.

Princess Hatzfeldt has arrived at Claridge's till Christmas. She and Prince Hatzfeldt entertained a small party at Draycot (their country place in Gloucestershire) last week. The guests included Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, Princess "Baby" Hohenlohe, Miss Grey, and Count Hermann Hatzfeldt.

The latest accounts of Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden are very reassuring. Sir Trevor had a fall from his bicycle some little time ago and broke his right arm, which never completely healed, and just a fortnight ago it was thought necessary to amputate the limb. Sir Trevor had a very distinguished career in India, and was knighted two years ago for his services.

He married some few years ago "en seconde nce," Miss Fitzherbert, who belongs to one of the oldest Catholic families in England. Sir Trevor has two daughters by his first marriage, Mrs. Labone, and the young Lady Lytton, who, as Miss Pamela Plowden, was one of the beautiful girls in London society.

King Peter of Serbia gave a dance at the New Palace on the occasion of Princess Helen's eighteenth birthday, when his sister, Princess Anna Kara-Georgievich, did the honours. It was especially noticed that King Peter singled out Madame Lazarevich, and took her into supper. She is the wife of one of the generals who condemned the regicide officers.

## FROM THE SAIRES



### EXTRACT FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

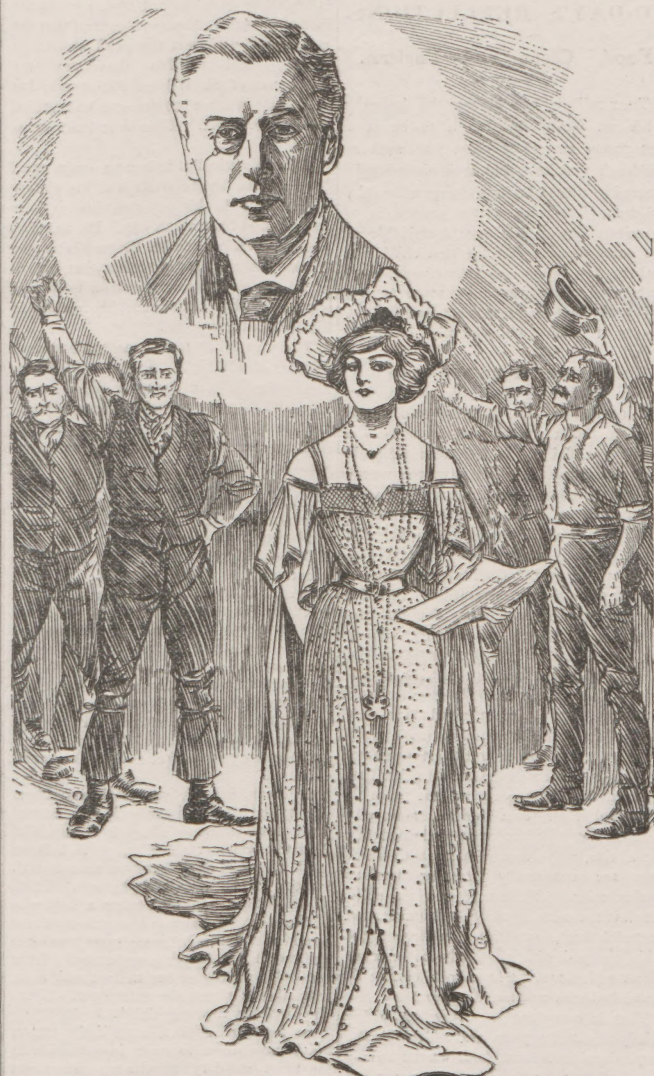
A large contingent were hospitably entertained on Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Monro, when the Cottesmore Hounds met at Somerby Hall. A fox found at the Punch Bowl gave the riders every opportunity of jumping fences, and enjoying themselves, as he took a very rideable line by Leesthorpe and Pickwell to below Cold Overton, returning to Somerby, where he was viewed. Hounds ran nicely back to Owston Wood, going away with a fresh fox up to the Lovers' Walk.

They eventually got to Allexton Wood, where they fell in with Mr. Fernie's Hounds, and hunted together as far as Vows Gorse. The shades of evening were closing round us as Thatcher and Isaacs called their respective packs apart, and we found ourselves many miles from home.

Yesterday was bleak and cold, with snow showers at intervals. The Quorn had a capital day's sport, finding at Houghton new covert. Hounds raced for sixteen minutes to Wysall, and from there hunted on at a good pace to Six Hills and Shoby Scolls. Up to date, the Quorn have had all the best gallops on the same day. The Cottesmore had a nice hunting run from Barnsdale Wood, by Hambleton, Whitwell village, into Cottesmore, and from there to Ashwell.

Amongst others out were Lady Marjorie Greville, Lord Helmsley, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Asquith, and Miss Daisy Leiter. Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie were driving.

"Lucy Gitters."



## FISCALITIS IN BIRMINGHAM.

### A PECULIARLY BLATANT FORM OF THE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. Brown Potter, supported by a chorus of British working men, and flanked by a flaming portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, last night gave a Fiscal recitation with a Protection chorus. This doubtless well-meant effort is alleged to have been intended to help forward Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. From the chorus we quote this poetic gem:—

"I pledge my word that the Empire needs Protection.  
I pledge my word through Protection we will gain.  
I pledge my word it will benefit the Nation.  
Are the words of Mister Joseph Chamberlain."

In spite of the doggerel character of the verses, the sentiments were so thoroughly agreeable to the audience that the actress had to put up with frequent interruptions while the people applauded such sentences as "Our tariffs must be changed without delay."

She was many times recalled and there was a scene of wild enthusiasm at the close of the "turn."

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

### TO-DAY'S CELEBRATIONS AT SANDRINGHAM.

Queen Alexandra is celebrating her fifty-ninth birthday at Sandringham to-day in a very quiet fashion. There have been occasions when the event has been observed with no little ceremony, but this year it is her Majesty's desire that the celebration shall be of a simple and homelike character.

During the time the King and Queen are in residence at Sandringham an endeavour is made to carry out all engagements with the utmost privacy, so that they may enjoy to the full the seclusion afforded by their Norfolk home, and this rule will be rigorously followed this week.

Last year the King of Portugal was at Sandringham on her Majesty's birthday, but this year she will be surrounded only by members of the Royal Family and a few of her most intimate friends.

The King will have a shooting party out during the morning, and while they are thus engaged her Majesty will give attention to the numerous congratulatory messages she is accustomed to receive, as she makes it a practice to send gracious replies to all.

Her Majesty always receives an immense quantity of presents, and these have greatly increased in value of late years. Last year the King gave his Consort a magnificent tiara of turquoises and diamonds, and the King of Portugal's gift was a lovely tortoiseshell box.

This year her Majesty has received some beautiful gifts, the senders including the King of Denmark, the German Emperor, the Tsar, the King of Italy, and the King of Portugal. Not the least valued among the presents will be some little tokens of regard for "Dear Grannie," from the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have made them with their own hands.

There will be the usual dinner party in the evening, and in the afternoon all the school children on the estate will be entertained to tea. Last year this function was served in the ball room at Sandringham House, when both the King and the Queen were present, and helped the youngsters to enjoy themselves, but this year, in order that her Majesty's desire for quietness may be carried out, the tea will be served in the various schools on the estate.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1.

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."—Sir Philip Sidney.

Many happy returns to:—

### The Queen Empress.

Lord Castlerosse. Mr. George Stopford.  
Lord Northesk. Mr. Ernest Ponsonby.

Lord Northesk, who succeeded his father in 1891, is a Captain in the 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, and is descended from the famous Admiral Lord Northesk, who was third in command at Trafalgar. Lord Northesk was A.D.C. to Lord Lintithgow when Governor of Victoria. He has only one son, Lord Rosehill.

Lord Castlerosse is the eldest son of Lord Kenmare. His wife is a sister of the present Lord Revelstoke, and they have five children, three sons and two daughters. They have a lovely place at Killarney, and spend most of their time in Ireland.

### WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Cool; maximum, 53; minimum, 40.

Cairo.—Sunny; forecast, colder; morning temperature, 52; afternoon, 68.

Cannes.—Nine hours' sunshine; snow on northern hills.

Naples.—Wet; temperature, 52; barometer falling.

Nice.—Sunshine; hill tops snow covered.

San Remo.—Fine; midday temperature, 61.

### NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The following naval appointments are announced:—  
Captain S. H. M. Logan, Fire Queen, from command of Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, January 1; Commanders E. Hyde Parker to Vivid for Euryalus, December 29, and Euryalus, January 5; C. F. Sowerby to Britannia, December 29; W. D. Church to King Alfred, December 29.  
The Channel Fleet left Gibraltar yesterday, homeward bound. The battleship Albemarle arrived in a heavy gale.  
Lieutenant Cockrell, Royal Berkshire Regiment, has been specially selected for service with the Egyptian Army.

Colonel Ferguson, on vacating his appointment as Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, will do duty with the 3rd Grenadier Guards.  
The King has approved of the selection of Captain Rk. Sanson, Inspector, R.N., to be Junior Naval Lord of the Admiralty when Rear-Admiral John Durnford vacates the office on taking up his appointment to the command of the Cape of Good Hope station.

### LADIES AT HOCKEY.

The Columbines beat Richmond yesterday by eight goals to two. The winners' forwards combined well, and Miss Corbet played for Richmond.



## CAN WE 'AFFORD' TO FOLLOW MR. CHAMBERLAIN?

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

ANYONE may see by the Census of 1901 that the dwellers in England and Wales make up a large family of 33,000,000 mouths. The owners of those mouths may, for the purposes of my remarks, be grouped thus:—

dead birds we shall not even have begun to make an advance in this matter. To say that these articles of food are afterwards washed is no excuse; the washing of the kitchen is an experience that the microbe survives without distress. The unpleasant truth is that much of our food is scientifically unclean, and we can imagine nothing which would make a greater difference to our health as a community than the universal realisation of that fact, and the universal application of the obvious remedy.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditional upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may accompany the contribution.

## MASKS AND THE MOTOR.

Beauty, like Nature, will assert itself. It is beginning to do so just now, even in the motoring world. One must confess that the motor-car itself, from the point of view of beauty, still sustains deservedly the anathemas of Sir William Richmond; but the people in it are beginning to be troubled about their looks. That is at least something.

## Food, Clean and Unclean.

THAT milk is not always the innocent drink we fondly imagine it to be is a fact patent enough to those who work in children's hospitals, but it is dangerously ignored by those who have charge of healthy children. It is so widely ignored as to constitute one of the most formidable of the many dangers that threaten child life, and the description on another page, over-elaborated as it may appear to some readers, is in reality not too grave a statement of the results of feeding children with imperfect milk.

We are all rather apt to take the daily service of tradespeople for granted, and to look no farther back than the tradesman's shop for the source whence we receive the necessities of life. At the present day, in spite of our many scientific advances, we are deplorably unprogressive in our ideas as to

the condition of food. We may be becoming daily more fastidious as to the condition in which it reaches our tables; but are we at the same time becoming less fastidious as to the condition in which it reaches our larders and pantries? Milk, for example, goes through many doubtful processes. The pails in the country milking sheds are filled by labourers whose hands, from Lord LISTER'S point of view at any rate, are not clean; the pails—themselves a possible source of contamination—are emptied into cans which make their daily journey by rail; and from the London shops the milk is, for tens of thousands of families,

Characteristically, it is man—vain man!—who is the first to grumble at the picture he presents in his goggles, his ear-protectors, and his stoker's cap. He wants to be beautiful, and so M. Pierre Roche, the French sculptor, has suggested that instead of all the present paraphernalia he should wear just a simple mask, roughly resembling his own features.

The idea is far more reasonable than it appears at first sight. In a drawing-room, among examples of the old familiar human face, the man in a motor-mask would look, doubtless, very much of a lunatic. But we must remember that on the road the motor-mask would have to be compared, not with the human face, but with the motor face, which is a very different matter. Quite apart from the goggles, the motor face is masked anyhow—with dirt.

But what worm shall the mask take? With men the answer is simple enough. All that is needed is something that is not quite so calculated to scare the horses as the motor face of to-day. But when it comes to the ladies, there are a host of things to be decided upon. There are, for instance, three possibilities. There is the mask that shall be just like the lady's face; there is the mask that shall be prettier; there is the mask, and this, we think, is the inevitable and necessary form, that shall not be nearly so pretty.

It needs, indeed, very little consideration to decide unanimously for the last of these alternatives. There is a delightful dramatic element about it. A hideous mask we would not, of course, recommend, but one that is just a trifle homely. Think of the delicious triumph when a lady who has been wooed and won in a snub nose and a retiring chin lifts her mask upon a sudden, and, while her escort loses control of the car in his wonder at her radiant self, asks, with all the queen-like serenity of Olivia: "Is't well done, young sir?"

As a matter of fact, even if the motor-mask were never to come into fashion at all, there would remain the suggestion that some means, at any rate, should be devised of removing the present disfigurements not one by one, but altogether, and at once. Even a veil needs to be taken off in one graceful sweep to have the full effect. How many a time the victory of beauty has been spoiled merely by the timid and partial treatment of a veil. What goddess would ever have taken afternoon tea as many a modern woman of to-day will do, with a veil just tipping over the end of her nose? Consider, then, how much less chance has the fair motorist who has to disentangle a pair of spectacles as well. In truth, the mask is the irresistible thing. Beauty's empire has to be won, like Napoleon's, by the unexpected.

[illegible]

**HOLLOWAY**—JEKYLE—On Nov. 24 at Holy Trinity Church, Clapham—common, by the Rev. R. B. Little, Rector. Children: Charles, Thomas, Henry, William, of "Newlands, Cedar-road, Clapham—common; Florence, Beatrice, youngest daughter of James Richardson, of "Newlands, Cedar-road, Clapham.

**MORSBURGH-LOCKYER**—On Nov. 24 at Eastbourne, by J. M. Morsburgh, M.A. Oxon., grandson of the late Capt. Morsburgh, F.R.S., sometime Hydrographer, and Honorary Secretary of the Admiralty, to Mrs. S. L. Lockyer, of Compton Court, Eastbourne.

**SEWELL-CROMBIE**—On Nov. 27, at the Cathedral, Bournemouth, by the Rev. R. C. R. Cam, R.A.M.C., son of the late Rev. H. D. Sewell, M.A., of St. Peter's, Kent, and of Mrs. Sewell, Tunbridge Wells, grandson of the late Hon. Jonathan Sewell, LL.D., Chief Justice of Lower Canada, and of the late Hon. John A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Crombie, C.B., M.D., I.M.S. (ret.). By wife, Indian and Canadian papers.

**BASSETT**—On Nov. 26, at Ralph Thurston Bassett, of Crossways Cowbridge, aged 55 years.

**CHISHOLM**—On Nov. 27, at 472, Harrow-road, W. the late Mrs. Mary Ann Chisholm, widow of James Chisholm, youngest daughter of John Chisholm, Esq., of the Exchequer, aged 87. Indian papers preserved.

**ETHERINGTON**—On Nov. 28, at 7, Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, Mary Isabella, wife of C. J. Etherington Esq., daughter of the late Robert Edward Ellison, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate.

**GREGORY**—On Nov. 26, at 4, Carole-place, Hugh Gregory, Esq., of 10, Colindale Avenue, H. Gregory, R. G. and beloved nephew of Mrs. Harcourt Rose.

**HILL**—On Nov. 26, at 10, Northfield-road, Stamford Hill, N. Samuel Hough Esq., aged 67.

**STEPHENS**—On Nov. 26, at Ashfield, near Falmouth, John Stephens Esq., aged 67.

**THOMAS**—On Nov. 27, at "Pant-leg, Mount-Aeneas, Ealing, Hannah, the dearly-loved wife of the Rev. Canon Thomas, aged 77.

Now the official and unofficial governors of this kingdom have among them put in force certain laws, of which the outcome is to fix prices, below which our group C cannot sell their goods and live.

This idea is rather puzzling. If I asserted that Government had fixed prices above which C might not sell his goods my statement would be understood at once, that is, C would be liable to punishment if he asked too much.

But it seems outrageous that any authority should punish a man for selling his own goods at too cheap a rate. Yet so it is, and the punishment is starvation; because these laws have a double effect. Firstly, they force C to spend more than is necessary on the manufacture of our requirements; and secondly, they allow D, with the help of B, to supply us with similar goods at prices less than such goods have cost C to manufacture. The result is as follows:—B offers D's goods to A, since they are cheaper than C's, and therefore he can sell more of them, and A naturally buys D's goods, although C is slowly starving and dying (for testimony witness our agriculture).

There's the Rub.

Thanks then to D and B things are cheap to-day. A with its 24,000,000 mouths is glad now; B (including von D and Sam D) is a little pleased—now; C may join A or B if he has time before he dies, or he may make jam—or go hang—now. But how will it be with us when war, plagues, earthquakes, famines, and the unexpected occur, and D is forced to stay at home? Where will A be—poor A with all the mouths agape? We shall hear they want more, and it is not to be had, for our poor hardworking C has got too thin to work.

Two other big D's—death and disease—will then join our family as tutors, and we shall receive what is called "A National Lesson." The Great Plague was a national lesson. The Boer war was another. National lessons are expensive, and the survivors have to pay the cost.

### The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

"Now let us consider whether we can afford" to follow Mr. Chamberlain. Can we afford insurance premiums? We always answer "No" to this searching question, but the insurance agent knows better. Sooner or later we sign our policies, and the sooner we sign the better terms we get.

That is the point to which Mr. Chamberlain is leading us. "Let me," he says, "alter that outrageous law a little, and give our poor C than D has to secure the family custom. Even if it does cost you another penny a week, all round do not forget that there is an insurance company thrown in with the goods—and that the insurance company is the Empire." For myself, I shrink the national lesson, and am ready to pay the weekly premiums. As an individual I can scarcely afford to do it. As a nation I do not see how we can afford not to do it.

## A FIVE O'CLOCK COMPLAINT.

The autograph "fiend" has broken out in a new place. The autograph tea-cloth is now a popular craze. The unhappy celebrity of the hour has on an average a dozen tea-cloths a week left at his house with a request that he will put his usual signature upon them in lead pencil for the autograph-hunters to "needlework" over.—*Referee.*

Ye Britons, who are wont to flock  
To tea and toast at five o'clock,  
To seek a respite from your care,  
No longer hope to find it there!

Instead of worries left behind  
Your very tablecloth you'll find  
A kind of needle-worked Debrett  
Of all the names you'd fain forget.

There's Wilfrid Lawson (near the milk)  
Next Rufus Isaacs (worked in silk),  
And—this is rather a *propos*—  
John Morley (worsted) by "Our Joe."

Though ills that irk and cares that cark  
Should flee where Twain has left his mark,  
They'll crowd upon you once again  
When you behold the brand of Caine!





# DOUBLE HARNESS

## BY ANTHONY HOPE



### CHAPTER I.

#### Some Views of the Institution.

THE house—a large, plain white building with no architectural pretensions—stood on a high swell of the downs and looked across the valley in which Mildlean village lay, and thence over more rolling stretches of close turf, till the prospect ended in the gleam of waves and the silver-grey mist that lay over the sea. It was a fine, open, free view. The air was fresh, with a touch of salt in it, and made the heat of the sun more than endurable—even welcome and nourishing. Tom Courtland, raising himself from the grass, and sitting up straight, gave utterance to what his surroundings declared to be a very natural exclamation:—

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town!"

"Stay a bit longer, old chap," urged his host, Grantley Imason, who lay full length on his back on the turf, with a straw hat over his eyes and nose, and a pipe, long gone out, between his teeth.

"Back to my wife!" Courtland went on, without noticing the invitation.

With a faint sigh Grantley Imason sat up, put his hat on his head, and knocked out his pipe. He glanced at his friend with a look of satirical amusement.

"You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business—sort of thing some of those fellows would write a book about. But it's not worth a book. A page of strong and indiscriminate swearing—that's what it's worth, Grantley."

Grantley sighed again as he searched for his tobacco-pouch. The sigh seemed to hover doubtfully between a faint sympathy and a resigned boredom.

"And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head—"

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think; and they'd probably conclude a woman never would."

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then why don't you give her a chance?"

"What I mean—"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament."

"Yes, I forgot. That's a bit awkward."

"Besides, there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father a scoundrel." He paused, and added grimly,

"And I don't want them to be left to their mother's bringing-up, either."

"Then we seem to have exhausted the resources of the law."

"The children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap. Talking of children to a man who's only been engaged a week!"

"His manner resumed its air of languid sympathy as he went on: "You needn't see much of her, Tom, need you?"

"Oh, needn't I?" grumbled Courtland. He was a rather short, sturdily built man, with a high colour and stiff black hair, which stood up on his head. His face was not wanting in character, but a look of plaintive worry beset it.

"You try living in the same house with a woman—with a woman like that, I mean!"

"Thanks for the explanation," laughed Grantley.

"I must go and wire when I shall be back, or Harriet'll blow the roof off over that. You come, too; a stroll'll do you good."

Grantley Imason agreed; and the two, leaving the garden by a little side gate, took their way along the steep road which led down to the village, and rose again on the other side of it, to join the main highway across the downs a mile and a half away. The lane was narrow, steep, and full of turns; the notice "Dangerous to Cyclists" gave warning of its character. At the foot of it stood the Old Mill House, backing on to a little stream. Farther on lay the church and the parsonage; opposite to them was the post-office, which was also a general shop and also had rooms to let to visitors. The village inn, next to the post-office, and a dozen or so of labourers' cottages exhausted the shelter of the little valley, though the parish embraced several hamlets scattered about in dips of the downs, and a row of small new red villas at the junction with the main road. Happily these last, owing to the lie of the ground, were out

of sight from Grantley Imason's windows, no less than from the village itself.

"And that's the home of the fairy princess?" asked Courtland as they passed Old Mill House, a rambling, rather broken-down old place, covered with creepers.

"Yes; she and her brother moved there when the old rector died. You may have heard of him—the Chiddingfold who was an authority on Milton. No? Well, he was, anyhow. Rather learned all round, I fancy—Fellow of John's. But he took this living and settled down for life; and when he died the children were turned out of the rectory and took Old Mill House. They've got an old woman—well, she's not very old—with the unphonious name of Mumples living with them. She's been a sort of nurse-house-keeper-companion; a mixed kind of position—breakfast and midday dinner with the family, but didn't join his reverence's evening meal. You know the sort of thing. She's monstrously fat; but Sibylla loves her. And the new rector moved in a fortnight ago, and everybody hates him. And the temporary curate, who was here because the new rector was at Bournemouth for his health, and who lodged over the post-office, has just gone, and everybody's dashed glad to see the last of him. And that's all the news of the town. And, behold, Tom, I'm the squire of it, and every man, woman, or child in it is, by unbroken tradition and custom, entitled to have as much port wine out of my cellar as his, her or its state of health may happen to require."

He threw off this chatter in a gay, self-contented fashion, and Tom Courtland looked at him with affectionate envy. The world had been very good to him, and he, in return, was always amiable to it. He had been born heir and only child of his father; had inherited the largest share in a solid old-fashioned banking-

protuberant, and his nose turned up, giving prominence to the nostrils.

"No family likeness, I hope?" Courtland found himself thinking; for though Jeremy was a vigorous, if not a handsome, masculine type, the lines were far from being those of feminine beauty.

"And he's enormously surprised and evidently rather shocked to hear I'm going to marry his sister—Oh, we can talk away, Jeremy; Tom Courtland doesn't matter. He knows all the bad there is about me, and wants to know all the good there is about Sibylla."

One additional auditor by no means embarrassed Jeremy; perhaps not a hundred would have.

"Though, of course, somebody must have married her, you know," Grantley went on, smiling and stretching himself luxuriously, like a sleek, indolent cat.

"I hate marriage altogether!" exclaimed Jeremy.

Courtland turned to him with a quick jerk of his head.

"The deuce you do!" he said, laughing. "It's early in life to have come to that conclusion, Mr. Chiddingfold."

"Yes, yes, Jeremy, quite so; but—"

Grantley began.

"It's an invention of priests," Jeremy insisted, heatedly.

Courtland, scarred with fifteen years' experience of the institution thus roundly attacked, was immensely diverted, though his own feelings gave a rather bitter twist to his mirth. Grantley argued, or rather pleaded, with a deceptive gravity:

"But if you fall in love with a girl?"

"Heaven forbid!"

Courtland, "I should have kept out of a lot of trouble."

"And I should have kept out of a lot of scrapes," added Grantley.

"Of course you would!" snapped Jeremy. That point needed no elaboration.

"But surely there are exceptions among women, Jeremy?" Grantley pursued appealingly. "Consider my position!"

"What is man?" demanded Jeremy. "Well, let me recommend you to read Haeckel!"

"Never mind man. Tell us more about woman," urged Grantley.

"Oh, Lord! I suppose you're thinking of Sibylla?"

"I own it," murmured Grantley. "You know her so well, you see."

Descending from the heights of scientific generalisation and from the search after that definition of man for which he had been in the end obliged to refer his listeners to another authority, Jeremy lost at the same time his gravity and vehemence. He surprised Courtland by showing himself owner of a humorous and attractive smile.

"You'd rather define man, perhaps, than Sibylla," suggested Grantley.

"Sibylla's all right, if you know how to manage her."

"Just what old Lady Trederwyn used to say to me about Harriet," Courtland whispered to Grantley.

"But it needs a bit of knowing. She's got the deuce of a temper—old Mumples knows that. Well, Mumples has got a temper, too. They used to have awful rows—do still now and then. Sibylla used to fly out at Mumples, then Mumples sat on Sibylla, and then, when it was all over, they'd generally have a new and independent row about which had been right and which wrong in the old row."



"He turned round in his saddle, and caught her about the waist with his arm. . . He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go, and she reached earth, she sank to the ground and covered her face with both hands."

house; was now a director of the great joint-stock undertaking in which the family business had consented to merge itself on handsome terms; had just as much work to do as he liked, and possessed, and always had enjoyed, more money than he needed. He was thirty-three now, and had been a social favourite even before he left school. If it was difficult to say what positive gain his existence had been to Society, there was no doubt that his extinction would at any time have been considered a distinct loss.

"A country squire with a rosy-cheeked country girl for wife! That's a funny ending for you, Grantley."

"She's not rosy-cheeked—and it's not an ending—and there's the post-office. Go in, and be as civil as you can to Lady Harriet."

A smile of pity, unmistakably mingled with contempt, followed Courtland into the shop. The tantrums of other men's wives are generally received with much the same mixture of scepticism and disdain as the witticisms of other parents' children. Both are seen large, very large indeed, by sufferers and admirers respectively.

The obligation of being as civil as he could to his wife caused Courtland to take three or four minutes in framing his telegram, and when he came out he found Grantley seated on the bench that stood by the inn and conversing with a young man who wore a very old coat and rough tweed knickerbockers. Grantley introduced him as Mr. Jeremy Chiddingfold, and Courtland knew that he was Sibylla's brother. Sibylla herself he had not yet seen. Jeremy had a shock of sandy hair, a wide brow, and a wide mouth; his eyes were rather

"Well, but the world must be peopled, Jeremy."

"Marriage isn't necessary to that, is it?"

"Oho!" whistled Courtland.

"We may concede the point—in theory," said Grantley; "in practice it's more difficult."

"Because people won't think clearly and bravely!" cried Jeremy, with a thump on the bench. "Because they're hidebound, and, as I say, the priests heaven-and-hell them till they don't know where they are."

"Heaven-and-hell them! Good phrase, Jeremy! You speak feelingly. Your father, perhaps?—Oh, excuse me, I'm one of the family now."

"My father? Not a bit. Old Mumples now, if you like. However, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm going on the lines of pure reason. And what is pure reason?"

The elder men looked at one another, smiled, and shook their heads.

"We don't know; it's no use pretending we do. You tell us, Jeremy," said Grantley.

"It's just nature—nature—nature! Get back to that, and you're on solid ground. Why, apart from anything else, how can you expect marriage, as we have it, to succeed when women are what they are? And haven't they always been the same? Of course they have. Read history, read fiction (though it isn't worth reading), read science; and look at the world round about you."

He waved his arm extensively, taking in much more than the valley in which most of his short life had been spent.

"If I'd thought as you do at your age," said

"Not content with a quiet consciousness of rectitude, as a man would be?"

"Consciousness of rectitude? Lord! it wasn't that. That would have been all right. It was just the other way round. They both knew they had tempers, and Mumples is infernally religious and Sibylla's generous to the point of idiocy in my opinion. So after a row, when Sibylla had checked Mumples and told her to go to the devil (so to speak), and Mumples had sent her to bed, or thumped her, or something, you know—"

"Let us not go too deep into family tragedies, Jeremy."

"Why, when it had all quieted down, and the governor and I could hear ourselves talking quietly again—"

"About marriage and that sort of question?"

"They began to have conscience. Each would have it borne in on her that she was wrong. Sibylla generally started it. She'd go weeping to Mumples, taking all her own things and any of mine that were lying about handy, and laying them at Mumples' feet, and saying she was the wickedest girl alive, and why hadn't Mumples pitched into her a lot more, and that she really loved Mumples better than anything on earth. Then Mumples would weigh in, and call Sibylla the sweetest and meekest lamb on earth, and say that she loved Sibylla more than anything on earth, and that she—Mumples—was the worst-tempered and cruellest and unjustest woman alive, not fit to be near such an angel as Sibylla. Then Sibylla used to say that that was rot, and Mumples said it wasn't. And Sibylla declared Mumples only said it to wound her,



and Mumples got hurt because Sibylla wouldn't forgive her, when Sibylla, of course, wanted Mumples to forgive her. And after half an hour of that sort of thing, it was as likely as not that they'd have quarrelled worse than ever, and the whole row would begin over again."

Grantley lay back and laughed. "A bit rough on you to give your things to—er—Mumples?" suggested Courtland. "Just like Sibylla—just like any woman, I expect," opined Jeremy, but with a more resigned and better-tempered air. His reminiscences had evidently amused himself as well as his listeners.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have a preceptress of more equable temper?" asked Grantley.

"Oh, there's nothing really wrong with Mumples; we're both awfully fond of her. Besides, she's had such beastly hard luck. Hasn't Sibylla told you about that, Imason?"

"No, nothing."

"Her husband was sent to quod, you know—got twenty years."

"Twenty years! By Jingie!"

"Yes. He tried to murder a man—a man who had swindled him. Mumples says he did it all in a passion; but it seems to have been a cold sort of passion, because he waited twelve hours for him before he knifed him. And at the trial he couldn't even prove the swindling, so he got it pretty hot."

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's alive. He's to get out in about three years. Mumples is waiting for him."

"Poor old woman! Does she go and see him?"

"She used to. She hasn't for years now. I believe he won't have her—I don't know why. The governor was high sheriff's chaplain at the time, so he got to know Mumples, and took her on. She's been with us ever since, and she can stay as long as she likes."

"What things one comes across!" sighed Tom Courtland.

Grantley had looked grave for a moment, but he smiled again as he said:

"After all, though, you've not told me how to manage Sibylla. I'm not Mumples—I can't touch her. I should be better than Mumples in one way, though. If I did, I should be dead sure to stick to it that I was right."

"You'd stick to it even if you didn't think so?" observed Courtland.

"For a moment the remark seemed to vex Grantley, and to sober him. He spent a few seconds evidently reflecting on it."

"Well, I hope not," he said at last. "But at any rate I should think so generally."

"Then you could mostly make her think so. But if it wasn't true, you might feel a brute."

"So I might, Jeremy."

"And it mightn't be permanently safe. She sees things uncommonly sharp sometimes. Well, I must be off."

"Going back to Haeckel?"

"Jeremy nodded gravely. He was not susceptible to ridicule on the subject of his theories. The two watched him stride away towards Old Mill House with decisive, vigorous steps."

"Rum product for a country parsonage, Grantley."

"Oh, he's not a product; he's only an embryo. But I think he's a promising one, and he's richly amusing."

"Yes, and I wonder how you're going to manage Miss Sibylla!"

Grantley laughed easily. "My poor old chap, you can't be expected to take a cheerful view. Poor old Tom! God bless you, old chap! Let's go home to tea."

As they walked by the parsonage a bicycle came whizzing through the open garden-gate. It was propelled by a girl of fifteen or thereabouts—a slim, long-legged child, almost gaunt in her immaturity, and lamentably grown-out of her frock. She cried shrill greeting to Grantley, and went off down the street, displaying her skill to whosoever would look by riding with her arms akimbo.

"Another local celebrity," said Grantley.

"Dora Hutting, the new parson's daughter. That she should have come to live in the village is a gross personal affront to Jeremy Chiddingfold. He's especially incensed by her lengthy stretch of black stockings, always, as he maintains, with a hole in them."

Courtland laughed inattentively.

"I hope Harriet'll get that wire in good time," he said.

No remark came into Grantley's mind, unless it were to tell his friend that he was a fool to stand what he did from the woman. But what was the use of that? Tom Courtland knew his own business best. Grantley shrugged his shoulders, but held his peace.

## CHAPTER

## II.

## The Fairy Ride.

COURTLAND went off early next morning in the dog-cart to Fairhaven Station—no railway line ran nearer Milldean—and Grantley Imason spent the morning lounging about his house, planning what improvements could be made and what embellishments provided against the coming of Sibylla. He enjoyed this pottering both for its own sake and because it was connected with the thought of the girl he loved. For he was in love—as much in love, it seemed to him, as a man could well be. "And I ought to know," he said, with a smile of reminiscence, his mind going back to earlier affairs of the heart, more or less serious, which had been by no means lacking in his career. He surveyed them without remorse, though one or two might reasonably have evoked that emotion, and with no more regret than lay in confessing that he had shared the follies common to his

age and his position. But he found great satisfaction in the thought that Sibylla had had nothing to do with any of the persons concerned. She had known none of them; she was in no sense of the same set with any one of the five or six women of whom he was thinking; her surroundings had always been quite different from theirs. She came into his life something entirely fresh, new, and unconnected with the past. Herein lay a great deal of the charm of this latest, his final affair. For it was to be final—for his love's sake, for his honour's sake, and also because it seemed time for such finality in that ordered view of life and its stages to which his intellect inclined him. There was something singularly fortunate in the chance which enabled him to suit his desire to this conception, to find the two things in perfect harmony, to act on rational lines with such a full and even eager assent of his feelings.

He reminded himself, with his favourite shrug, that to talk of chance was to fall into an old fallacy; but the sense of accident remained. The thing had been so entirely unplanned. He had meant to buy a place in the North; it was only when the one he wanted had been snapped up by somebody else that the agents succeeded in persuading him to come and look at the house at Milldean. It happened to take his fancy, and he bought it.

Then he happened to be out of sorts, and stayed down there an unbroken month, instead of coming only from Saturday to Monday. Again, Sibylla and Jeremy had meant to go away when the rector died, and had stayed on only because Old Mill House happened to fall vacant so opportunely. No other house was available in the village. So the chances went on, till chance culminated in that meeting of his with Sibylla; not their first encounter, but the one he always called his meeting with her in his own thoughts—that wonderful evening when all the sky was red, and the earth, too, looked almost red, and the air was so still. Then he had been with her in his garden, and she, forgetful of him, had turned her eyes to the heavens, and gazed and gazed. Presently, and still, as it seemed, unconsciously, she had stretched out her hand and caught his in a tight grip, silently but urgently demanding his sympathy for thoughts and feelings she could not express. At that moment her beauty seemed to be born for him, and he had determined to make it his.

He smiled now, saying that he had been as impulsive as the merest boy, thanking God that he could resist the impulse instead of condemning it—an end which *a priori* would have seemed much the more probable. In nine cases out of ten it would have been foolish and disastrous to be carried away in an instant like that. In his case it had, at any rate, not proved disastrous. From that moment he had never turned back from his purpose, and he had nothing but satisfaction in its now imminent accomplishment.

"Absolutely the right thing! I couldn't have done better for myself."

He stood still once in the middle of the room, and said these words aloud. They exhausted the subject, and Grantley sat down at his writing-table to answer Mrs. Raymore's letter of congratulation. He had never been in love with Mrs. Raymore, who was his senior by ten years; but she was an old and intimate friend—perhaps his most intimate friend. She had been more or less in his confidence while he was wooing Sibylla, and a telegram apprising her of his success had called forth the letter to which he now owed a response.

"If I had been a poor man," he wrote in the course of his reply, "I wouldn't have married—least of all a rich wife. Even as a well-to-do man, I wouldn't have married a rich wife. You have to marry too much besides the woman. And I didn't want a Society woman, nor anybody from any of the sets I've knocked about with. But I did want to marry. I want a wife, and I want the dynasty continued. It's come direct from father to son for five or six generations, and I didn't want to stand on record as the man who stopped it. I'm entirely contented, no less with the project than with the lady. It will complete my life. That's what I want—a completion, not a transformation. She'll just do this for me. If I had taken a child and trained her I couldn't have got more exactly what I want; and I'm sure you'll think so when you come to know her. Incidentally, I am to acquire a delightful brother-in-law. He's always been a capital fellow; but, alas! he won't long be the jewel he is now; just at that stage between boy and man, hobbledehoy, as you women used to make me so furious by calling me—breathing fury against all institutions, especially those commonly supposed to be of divine origin; learned in ten thousand books; knowing naught of all that falls under the categories of men, women, and things; best of all, blindly wrath at himself because he has become, or is becoming, a man, and can't help it, and can't help feeling it! How he hates women and despises them! You see, he has begun to be afraid! I haven't told him that he's begun to be afraid; it will be rich to watch him as he achieves the discovery on his own account. You'll enjoy him very much."

Grantley ended his letter with a warm tribute to Mrs. Raymore's friendship, assurances of all it had been to him, and a promise that marriage should, so far as his feelings went, in no way lessen, impair, or alter the affection between them.

"He's very nice about me," said Mrs. Raymore, when she had finished reading; "and he says a good deal about the brother-in-law, and quite a lot about himself. But, really, he says hardly one word about Sibylla!"

Now it was, of course, about Sibylla that Mrs. Raymore had wanted to hear.

Late afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs towards Fairhaven. Sibylla had been staying the night there with a Mrs.

Valentine, a friend of hers, and was to return by the omnibus which plied to and from Milldean. Their plan was that he should meet her and she should dismount, leaving her luggage to be delivered. He loved his horse, and had seized the opportunity of slipping in a ride. When she joined him, he would get off and walk with her. As he rode now he was not in the calm mood which had dictated his letter. He was excited and eager at the prospect of meeting Sibylla again; he was exulting in the success of his love, instead of contemplating with satisfaction the orderly progression of his life. But still he had not, and knew he had not, quite the freedom from self-consciousness which marks a youthful passion. The eagerness was there, but he was not surprised, although he was gratified, to find it there. His ardour was natural enough to need no nursing; yet Grantley was inclined to caress it. He laughed as he let his horse stretch himself in a gallop; he was delighted, and a trifle amused, to find his emotions so fresh: none of the luxury, none of the pleasure-giving power, had gone out of them. He was still as good a lover as any man.

He was cantering over the turf thirty or forty yards from the road when the omnibus puffed up. The driver cried his name, and pointed back with his whip. Grantley saw Sibylla a long way behind him, his horse with the spur, and galloped towards her. Now she stood still waiting for him. He came up to her at full speed, reined in, and leapt off. Holding his bride and his hat in one hand, with the other he took hers, and, bowing over it, kissed it. His whole approach was gallantly conceived and carried out.

"Ah! you—you come to me like Sir Galahad!" murmured Sibylla.

"My dear, Sir Galahad! A banker, Sir Galahad!"

"Well, do bankers kiss the hands of paupers?"

"Bankers of love would kiss the hands of its millionaires."

"And am I a millionaire of love?"

Grantley let go her hand and joined in her laugh at their little bout of conceits. She came to him not merrily now, not in the almost painful strain of delight which had made her first greeting sound half-choked.

"Haven't I given it all to you—to a dishonest banker, who'll never let me have it back?"

"We pay interest on large accounts," Grantley reminded her.

"You'll pay large, large interest to me?"

She laid her hand on his arm, and it rested there as they began to walk, the good horse Rollo pacing soberly beside them.

"All the larger if I've embezzled the principal! That's always the way, you know." He stopped suddenly, laughing, "it's quite safe!" and kissed her.

He held her face a moment, looking into the depths of her dark eyes. Now he forgot to be amused at himself or even gratified. If he was not as a boy-lover, it was not because he advanced with less ardour, but that he advanced with more knowledge, not because he abandoned himself less, but that he knew to what the self-abandonment was.

She walked along with a free swing under her short cloth skirt; evidently she could walk thus for many a mile with no slackening and no fatigue. The wind had caught her hair, and blew it from under and round about, and even over the flat cap of red that she wore; her eyes gazed and glowed and cried joy to him. There under the majestic spread of sky, amid the exhilaration of the salt-tasting air, on the green swell of the land, by the green and blue and white of the sea, she was an intoxication. Grantley breathed quickly as he walked with her hand on his wrist.

"It's so new," she whispered in his joyful apology. "I've never been in love before. You have! Oh, of course you have! I don't mind that—not now. I used to before—before you told me. I used to be very jealous! I couldn't be jealous now—except of not being allowed to love you enough."

"When I'm with you I've never been in love before."

"I don't believe you ever have—not really. I don't believe you could—without me to help you!" She laughed at her boast as she made it, drumming her fingers lightly on his arm; his blood seemed to register each separate word as a beat for each. "When we're married, Grantley, you shall give me a horse—such a good horse, such a fast horse—good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride—we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it, never stopping, never turning. We'll ride straight into the gold, both of us together, and let the gold swallow us up."

"A bizarre ending for a respectable West End couple!"

"No ending! We'll do it every day!" She turned to him suddenly, saying: "Ride now. You must—ill get up behind you."

"What! You'll be horribly uncomfortable."

"Who's thinking of comfort? Rollo can carry us easily. Mount, Grantley, mount! Don't go straight home. Ride along the cliff. Come, mount, mount!"

She was not to be denied. When he was mounted, she set her foot lightly on his, and he helped her up.

"My arm round your waist!" she cried. "Why, I'm splendid here. Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

"Must poor Rollo drop down dead?"

"No, but we'll pretend he will!"

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of

her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short, quick breathing behind him. The powerful horse seemed to join in the revel, so strong and easy was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head. They were alone in the world, and the world was very simple—the perfect delight of the living body, the unhindered union of soul apt to soul—all nature fostering, inciting, applauding. It was a great return to the earliest things, and nothing lived save those. They rode more than king and queen; they rode god and goddess in the youth of the world, descended from high Olympus to take their pleasure on the earth. They rode far and fast against the wind, against it breathlessly. They rode into the gold, and the gold swallowed them up.

The blood was hot in him, and when first he heard her gasp "Stop!" he would pay no heed. He turned the horse's head towards home, but they went at a gallop still. He felt her head fall against his shoulder. It rested here. Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the stress. But he did not stop. Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! stop!"

One more wild rush, and he obeyed. He was quivering all over when they came to a stand. Her head round him grew loose; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps. He sat on his horse for a moment, looking at her. He drew a deep inspiration, and brushed drops of sweat from his brow. He was surprised to find that there seemed now little wind, that the sun was veiled in clouds, that a wagon passed along the road, that a dog barked from a farmhouse, that the old ordinary humdrum world was there.

He heard a short, stifled sob.

"You're not angry with me?" he said. "I was rough to you? I couldn't bear to stop at first."

She showed him her face. Her eyes were full of tears; there was a deep glow on her cheeks, generally so pale. She sprang to her feet and stood by his horse, looking up at him.

"I'm angry? You rough? It has been more than I knew happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that. And you ask me if I'm angry and if you were rough! You're opening life to me, showing me why it is good, why I have it, why I want it, what I'm to do with it. You're opening it all to me. And all the beauties come out of your dear hand, Grantley. Angry! I know only that you're doing this for me, only that I must give you in return, in a poor return, all I have and am, and can be—must give you my very, very self."

He was in a momentary reaction of feeling; his earnestness was almost sombre as he answered:

"God grant you're doing right!"

"I'm doing what I must do, Grantley."

He swung himself off his horse, and the ready smile came to his face.

"I hope you'll find the necessity a permanent one," he said.

She too laughed joyfully as she submitted to his kiss.

It was her whim, urged with the mock impetuosity of a petted slave, that he should mount again, and she walk by his horse. Thus they wended their way home through the peace of the evening. She talked now of how he had first come into her life, of how she had begun to—She hesitated, ending, "How I began first to feel you," and of how, little by little, the knowledge of the feeling had disclosed itself. She was wonderfully open and simple, very direct and unabashed; yet there was nothing that even his fastidious and much-tested taste found indelicate or even forward.

In glad confidence she told all, careless of keeping any secrets or any defences against him. The need had quickened in virgin soil, and the flower had sprung up in light—almost by magic, she seemed to fancy. He listened tenderly and indulgently. The flame of his emotion had burnt down, but there was an after-glow which made him delightfully content with her, interested and delighted in her, still more thoroughly satisfied with what he had done, even more glad that she was different from all the others with whom he had been thrown. While she displayed to him at once the joy and the spontaneity of her abandonment of her whole existence and self to him, she made him surer of his wisdom in taking her and all she offered, more convinced of the excellence of this disposition of his life. She could give him all he pictured as desirable—the stretches of tranquillity, the moments of strong feeling. She had it in her to give both, and she would give all she had to give. In return he gave her his love. No analysis seemed needful there. He gave her the love of his heart and the shelter of his arm; what more he could give her the afternoon had shown. But in the end it was all contained and summed up in a word—he gave her love.

They came to the crest of the hill where the road dipped down to Milldean, and paused there.

"What a wonderful afternoon it's been!" she sighed.

"The enchantment of it hung about her still, expressing itself in the gleam of her eyes and in her restlessness."

"It's been a very delightful one," he leaned down and whispered to her. "It's given us something to look back on always."

To be Continued in to-morrow's "Daily Mirror."





## The Queen as an Arbiter of the Modes.

### A RETROSPECT.

ONE WHOM FASHION HAS NEVER DOMINATED.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, whose birthday we celebrate to-day, was the daughter of a mother who was a past mistress in the art of dress, for the late Queen Louise of Denmark long enjoyed the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Europe, not so much as regarded the costliness of her attire as the exquisite taste that characterised it. Queen Alexandra during all the years she has lived in this country has always dominated fashion rather than been dominated by it. She has never gone to extremes. Her dress has been harmonious and exactly suitable to the occasion and to her own dignity, and she has never succumbed to the vanity of not appearing twice in the same toilette.

The story goes that even on her wedding-day she discarded the white satin shoes prepared for her, and substituted a pair of quaint silver slippers offered her the previous evening by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who was among the guests assembled to greet her at Windsor Castle.

Two months elapsed after her wedding before the peerless Princess appeared in any colour save bridal white, but in June, 1863, when she held her second drawing-room the skirt of her robe was a delicate shade of mauve, and the first coloured flowers she wore were periwinkles, only a few weeks later.

On her first visit to Scotland Princess Alexandra's dress was extremely quiet, almost quakerish; grey poplin with a black velvet cloak, lined with white satin, and a neat little white bonnet. Thus attired she drove with the Prince of Wales from their hotel at Holyrood, and won the suffrages of the somewhat puritanical Scots, who saw in her a sensible woman warmly clad for the October morning, and in such tints as they liked their own wives and daughters to go to "kirk" in.

Though the crinoline was then in

In 1865, when the æsthetic era was at full tide, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Ireland, and the royal lady's toilettes were very carefully thought out so as to appeal to the national sentiment in every possible way. She landed in Dublin clad in green velvet.

Since the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence, his bereaved mother has never worn any but what are termed half-mourning tints—black, white, grey, mauve, the colour of Neapolitan violets, and the darker shades



SKETCHED AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

An elegant evening coat of ivory cloth, black spotted net and white chenille fringe.

vogue, Princess Alexandra never wore a great deal of it. Well graduated and of moderate size, it was allowed to distend her skirts just

that verge on purple. She is, moreover, a woman who knows how to grow old gracefully, and with all her queenly dignity blends

### EVENING WRAPS.

THE TRIUMPH OF DELICATELY-TONED CLOTHS.

THE modistic world verily overflows with delights, and I am prepared with a special plea for souple cloth in connection with *recherché* evening wraps.

Reflecting, and with infinite pleasure, moreover, on a galaxy of beauteous evening wraps recently revealed to me at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, I find an irresistible temptation to begin always at the sleeves, as proving the chief component part of the large majority of these lovely wholes. It is surely too old a story to need reiteration, that this particular mantle department is unique alike in comprehensiveness and choice. Indeed, it was the realisation of the overwhelming choice obtaining that urged me to concentrate on "*Le dernier cri*" only, since there is no finer law in the creed of fashionable dressing, nor one more directly tending to economy, than to be in advance rather than behind the dictates of *La Mode*.

At a Representative Establishment.

Striking the first note of pleasurable recollection comes a three-quarter length champagne souple cloth sacque, a plethora of little capes falling about the shoulders, stitched, as is also the collar, with a discreet sprinkling of tiny silver buttons, and glorious sleeves drawn into great turned-back cuffs, some effectively heavy knotted cords falling down either side the front. Several ivory cloth models fight for precedence, though the palm perchance is due to the model pictured here, which reveals a telling triple alliance of ivory cloth, deep white chenille fringe, and fancy spotted black net, these three artistically woven in the one with the other, by an appliqué of *écru* guipure, while an accentuation of the sable touch occurs in long knotted velvet ends measuring the whole length of the figure in front.

Another most desirable model, wherein ivory cloth and a deep silk fringe are sympathetically allied, carries a lovely galon worked with a delicate design of shamrock, a trimming that is introduced on corded silk revers, which may be worn either open or closed, the latter position lending prominence to long stole ends of the galon, trellised over with heavy ivory silk cord. And yet one more, a creation of superlative style, boasting a chinoise cut of sleeve. This falls around the figure in adorable folds, the long lines broken by two horizontal inset bands of Irish crochet mounted over a veiling of mole-coloured chiffon. And such a quaint decorative motif finishes the front, in the form of two large diamond applications of plaited silk braid, weighted by exceedingly long white silk tassels.

Of the immediate future, and indescribably distinctive, is a full length semi-fitting coat of pale blue cloth, ornamented with an appliqué of chinchilla plush, skilfully dovetailed into large medallions of white *Broderie Anglaise*. One dwells with unqualified pleasure over the mere written description of such a clever and original commingling of materials and colour.

And many there are who will pause in envious admiration before the charms of a plissé grey cloth wrap, with a wondrously manipulated sleeve, and a singularly fascinating cape. And with this the unexpected

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The gloves shown in the adjoining picture are fur-lined ones, for motor-car wear, cosily strapped at the wrists, where ordinarily the cold is very acutely felt, resulting in roughness of the cuticle.

Smart stocks, collars, and fanciful-looking purse-bags composed of steel and coloured beads are as modish as ever. They form delightful little presents for the purchaser in quest of Christmas gifts.

enough and not too much for the popular fashion, which was never in any foreign capital as much exaggerated as in London.

the subdued hues of life's early autumn and wears them with the grace that is even comelier than the dew of youth.

arrives in a practical little stole collar of grey squirrel, and the conclusion to my pean of praise in the cause of the cloth evening wrap.



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## INFORMATION FOR THE HOUSEWIFE IN WINTER.

### THE WASHING OF WOOLLEN ARTICLES.

FLANNEL and all woollen articles need the greatest care and quickness in washing. Only one garment must be done at a time, and the fabric should neither be steeped, wrung, nor twisted in the wash, and should not be left about when wet.

#### What Dissolved Soap Means.

Three baths of tepid water are required during the process of washing, as hot water dissolves the natural oil in the wool and causes it to shrink. Cold water will make it hard, and soda put into the water will spoil it altogether. To two of the baths of tepid water add sufficient dissolved soap to make a permanent lather. Soap is best dissolved by shredding a quarter of a pound into a quart of water, putting it in an enamelled pan, and stirring it over a slow fire until all the soap is melted. This mixture is then dropped into the two baths of tepid water until the permanent lather is obtained, and must be stirred sufficiently into the third bath to soften the water.

For white woollens ammonia may be added to the rinsing water, and this may also be used for coloured articles. A teaspoonful of borax, previously dissolved in boiling water and strained, may be added to the rinsing water when coloured articles are washed, but it is not necessary if the water be softened with dissolved soap.

#### Precautions for New Flannel.

Before washing a woollen garment shake it well in the open air to get rid of the dust that collects in the seams and clings to the material. After shaking it, plunge the garment the right side out into the first bath of tepid water and soap lather. Do not rub flannel or it will shrink, but recollect that new flannel must be soaped all over before it is washed in order to remove the particles of sulphur.

Beginning with the small parts squeeze the lather through the garment, and pay particular attention to any very soiled portions. Should there be any linen bands on the garment they should be washed first. When the right side has had the lather pressed well through it, squeeze out the dirty soapy water, give the garment a good shake, turn it to the wrong side, and repeat the process in the second bath of tepid water and soap lather. Press the lather through the fabric, and when it has been well washed, squeeze out the soapy water, shake the garment again, and rinse it in the prepared rinsing water. Never rinse woollens in cold water, or they will become hard.

After the rinsing process is complete, squeeze out the water, shake the piece well, and if there be a wringer pass it through, as the rollers will press out the water without twisting the fibres of the material. Next spread

out the garment flat on a clean table, and pull it into shape, remembering that to dry flannels too quickly is harmful to them, and causes them to shrink. Fine flannels should be pressed out when nearly dry with a rather cool iron, as a hot iron will scorch the material, and will also induce shrinkage.

#### How to Treat a Woollen Shawl.

Always begin ironing a flannel garment with the small parts and trimmings. Thus, if a petticoat has to be dealt with, start with the band, and then proceed to the flounce of embroidered flannel; pull out the scallops if there be any, spread a damp handkerchief over the wrong side, and press it out with a fairly hot iron. Worstled lace must be carefully pulled into shape and pressed out in the same way. Flannel blouses should have the neckband and yoke ironed first, then the sleeves, and after that the rest of the blouse, beginning at one side and working all the way round. As a rule knitted garments should not be ironed, but should merely be pulled into shape. Should they have any tapes, these must be pressed out.

Woollen shawls are washed in the same way as flannels, in two baths of tepid water and dissolved soap. They should be well shaken after being rinsed, passed through the wringer, shaken again, and then spread out to dry on a clean sheet. They should be tacked to a sheet to prevent them getting pulled out of shape. If there be a fringe it should be carefully brushed out, or it will have a matted appearance when dry.

#### The Washing of Hosiery.

After the flannels are washed pour away the water, and provide fresh for the process of washing stockings. The reason for this is that after two or three flannel articles have been washed the water becomes full of little white particles of fluff that will stick to the stockings and spoil their appearance. Prepare the baths of tepid water as directed for the flannels and wash the stockings one by one, as this really does not take much time, and the result repays the labour.

Put the stockings into the water right side out, place the hand into the foot of the stocking, which should be well rubbed with the soap, and squeeze the lather through it. Press the water out, and be careful never to twist nor wring a stocking, turn it wrong side out, and repeat the process in the second bath of water. Press out the soapy water and rinse the stocking well. When washing black stockings put a little ammonia in the rinsing water, as this is better than the blue water used by some people.

After pressing the water out of the stocking lay it on a table, pull it exactly into shape, then pass it through the wringer. Hang the stockings up to dry by the feet, as otherwise all the dampness will collect in the toe and heel and will spoil the stockings. When almost dry the stockings may be pressed out with a cool iron, though they certainly wear better if left untouched.

The serial, "Chance the Juggler," will be continued to-morrow.

### SIMPLE DISHES.

#### No. 87.—DRESDEN PATTIES.

INGREDIENTS:—Slices of stale bread, half a pound of cold meat, two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, salt and pepper, one egg, breadcrumbs.

Cut three slices of bread about two inches thick, then cut them into rounds about three inches in diameter. Hollow out the centre of these rounds, leaving cases of bread. Cut a neat little round of bread to form a top for each case. Dip the cases for a few seconds in milk and then let them drain well. Chop the meat finely, mix with it the parsley, onion and seasoning to taste. Make the mixture moist with a little gravy or sauce.

Next brush the cases over with beaten egg, cover them with bread crumbs, and fry them a golden brown in boiling fat. Make the meat mixture very hot and fill each case with some of it, piping the mixture up to the brim. Lastly, pipe on the little tops and serve the patties very hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Cost 10d. for eight patties.

#### No. 88.—BEEF OLIVES.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of rump steak, two ounces of beef suet, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of chopped herbs, one egg, salt and pepper, one pint of good brown sauce.

Cut the beef into pieces about half an inch long. Beat them flat with a wet cutlet bat or heavy knife. Chop up all the trimmings from the beef, also the suet, parsley and herbs. Mix these all together and season them nicely with salt and pepper. Place a layer of the mixture on each piece of beef, roll it up and tie it round securely with a piece of string. Put the gravy in a saucepan with the rolls of beef, and let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Arrange a bed of spinach or mashed potato on a hot dish. Arrange the beef olives neatly round. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, season it with salt and pepper, stir it over the fire till it boils, then strain it over the olives.

Cost 2½ for one dozen olives.

#### No. 89.—SHORT CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of butter, a few slices of candied peel.

Mix the flour and sugar together. Then rub the butter finely into them. Next begin to knead it hard with your hands till it begins to bind together. You must use no moisture. You must work at it till it is quite soft, and will shape easily without cracking. Make it into ovals or rounds. Crimp the edges, prick the top all over with a fork, letting the fork go right through the paste. Decorate the top with slices of candied peel. Lay it on a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a slow oven till a pale brown.

Cost 6d. for eight or more portions.

#### No. 90.—APPLES A L'ADELINE.

INGREDIENTS:—Six large apples, two tablespoonsful of flour, two large tablespoonsful of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one egg, half a pint of stale cake crumbs, one tablespoonful of jam, one tablespoonful of whipped cream, half a teaspoonful of fruit syrup.

Peel and core the apples without cutting them. Then cook them gently in the oven in a covered pie dish with a little water till they are tender. Let them get cold, then dip them into a mixture of the flour, sugar, and cinnamon. Beat up the egg, brush each apple over with it, roll the apple in fine cake crumbs and fry a golden colour in boiling fat. Drain them on paper. Fill in the middle of each apple with a little jam and put a little lump of whipped cream on the top. Serve cold with any nice fruit syrup.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

#### No. 91.—CHEESE AIGRETTES.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of flour, half a pint of cold water, three ounces of butter, two eggs, pepper, salt, and cayenne, three ounces of grated cheese.

Put the flour on a tin in a cool oven to dry it, then pass it through a sieve. Put the water and butter in a saucepan, and let them boil. When they boil add the flour, and stir the mixture well over the fire until it will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Then take it off the fire and allow it to cool a little, and add the eggs one by one. Season the mixture nicely, and add the cheese. Spread it on a plate to cool. Have ready a pan of frying fat; when it has almost reached boiling point, take a teaspoonful of the mixture, drop it into the fat, and fry it a golden brown. Drain the aigrettes on paper. Serve them very hot with grated cheese sprinkled over them.

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The Highest Novelties in  
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TRICHARD.

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BLACK, BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL  
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AS A STOVE POLISHING PASTE, IN TINS.

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Soft & warm for nightgowns & underwear  
New Designs for Dressing Gowns & Blouses  
Returns post free, mention Nixey's Lead  
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PERMANENT IN ONE SOLUTION.  
Will last for years. Guaranteed harmless. Makes the hair soft and glossy. In 8 shades. Bottles 2/9, 5/6, & 10/6. Post Free. Send shade of hair required.  
Beauty Book Free.  
JUNON Co. (Dept. 25), 14, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

The Best Looking Heel on Market.  
Ladies, 10d. Gent's, 1s.  
**PALATINE** Revolving (Note the Star) RUBBER HEEL PAD  
Your Boot Heel always level. Will wear 3 to 6 months. Reduces fatigue. Recommended by Doctors. Obtained from all Boot Stores.  
**PALATINE RUBBER Co., Preston**  
London Office: 6, Holborn Viaduct, Dept. C.

## The Daily Time Saver.

### PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.	Poultry.	Pigeons.	Hares.	Wild Ducks.	Grouse.	Snipe.	Venison.
Mackerel.	Sole.	Whiting.	Haddock.	Crabs.	Oysters.	Lobsters.	
Dory.	Smoked Salmon.						
Pork.	Veal.	Mutton.	Beef.				
Game and Poultry.							
Chickens.	Ducks.	Geese.	Rabbits.	Turkeys.	Pheasants.		
Quails.							
Teal.							
Brussels Sprouts.	Leeks.	Carrots.					
Artichokes.	Turnips.	Beetroot.					
Turnip Tops.	Spinach.	Seakale.					
Salads of various kinds.							

### FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges.	Apples.	Grapes.
Pineapples.	Forced Rhubarb.	
Bananas.		
Persimmons.		

### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blissoms for the Table.		
Roses.	Violets.	Smilax.
White Lilac.	Narcissus.	Mimosa.
Marigolds.	Lilies of the Valley.	
Spanish Oak.	Beech leaves.	
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.		
Chrysanthemums.	Arbutus.	Begonias.
Heaths.	Solanums.	Spiraeas.
Palms and Ferns.		

### THE DISH OF THE DAY.

#### No. 26.—POULET SAUTE CATALANE.

By M. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's, Ltd.

Prepare two fresh artichokes, cut in quarters, and blanch for ten minutes, two tomatoes, cut the same way, and six fresh mushrooms, cut in proportion.

Put in a sauté pan 2 oz. of butter, a little olive oil, and lay in it a nice Surrey fowl, cut for sauté. Put on fire, and cook rather sharp, and when both sides are a nice colour, take it out and keep aside. Put in your artichokes and let fry for a few minutes, then add your mushrooms, a little chopped shallot, and a glass of white wine. When reduced, add your tomato, let cook for about eight minutes, and pour the whole over your fowl that you have put in a fire-proof tureen and kept in a warm oven.

Serve with a little finely chopped herbs sprinkled on top.

### PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard (letters are barred), and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C. The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, December 3rd.

### A CHOICE OF DISHES.

Baked Flounders. \*Dresden Patties.  
Eggs Sur le Plat. Cold Boiled Ham.  
Grilled Kidneys, with Tomatoes.

#### LUNCH.

Fish Pudding with Egg Sauce.  
Fricassée of Eggs. Beef Olives.  
Macaroni and Tomato Pie.  
Artichokes à la Crème.  
Steamed Chocolate Pudding.  
Pistachio Sauce. Welsh Rarebit.

#### COLD DISHES.

Roast Beef. Horseradish Sauce.  
Rabbit Pie. Celery Salad.  
Galantine of Pork.

#### TEA.

Potted Sardine Sandwiches. Crumpets.  
Chocolate Cakes. \*Short Cake.  
Sultana Cake.

#### DINNER.

Brussels Sprout Purée. Clear Ox Tail.  
Fish.  
Queennelles of Cod's Liver.  
Fried Mullet, caper Sauce.

#### ENTRÉE.

Chicken à la Samaritaine.  
Crostades of Ham.

#### ROAST.

Stuffed Fillet of Veal. Saddle of Mutton.  
Game.  
Salmis of Game. Roast Snipe.

#### VEGETABLE.

Spinach à la Française. Potato Croquettes.

#### SWEETS.

\*Apples à l'Adeline.  
Chestnut Pudding. German Sauce.  
Devilled Sardines. \*Cheese Aigrettes.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



# You may find what you are looking for among the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages.

**Advertisements of DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS, ARTICLES FOR SALE and WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED and UNFURNISHED, HOUSES and FLATS to LET and WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS and PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS,**

are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY & CO.**

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

GOVERNNESS (French); age 20; £25-30; school or private—Write T. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNNESS, North German; good music and drawing—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNNESS, Swiss, disengaged; well educated; good references—Write T. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNNESS, thorough; English, French, Latin, and music—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE GOVERNNESS; thoroughly experienced; £30-£40—Write T. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## Nurses.

CAPTAIN NOEL CONY, Grenadier Guards, 12, Eaton-terrace, wishes to strongly recommend his children's nurse to take charge of one or two young children or baby from month; she is an exceptionally good nurse; requires a nurserymaid. £422

HEAD-NURSE disengaged; £45; good references—Write T. 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY Nurse; age 38; £26-30; no uniform; disengaged—Write T. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE-COMpanion (lady), disengaged; musical—V. 37, Daffern-road, Upper Kentish Town, N. 3419

UNDER NURSE, disengaged; age 18; £15; good references—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

UNDER NURSE, disengaged; age 18; £16-18; Salmon, 30, Brook-road, Queen's-road, Dalston. £421

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing—Flora Hayes, Glynburn, Ashly-road, Loughborough. 3352

## Chambermaids.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; £18; age 30; good references—Write T. 629, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 25; good references—Write T. 628, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 29; £17-18; £18; good reference—Write T. 617, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; £18; good reference—Write T. 626, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 25; good references—Write T. 625, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 22; good references; £16-18—Write T. 624, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 23; £18-20; good reference—Write T. 623, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; good references—Write T. 622, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, disengaged; £16-18; age 25; good references—Write T. 607, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## Housemaids.

HEAD-HOUSEMAID desires temporary post as Caretaker; 14s-15s. weekly—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID; disengaged December 19th; £18-20; age 22—Write T. 57, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID for country; age 35; £20; disengaged—Write T. 56, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID; age 20; £20-24; town; disengaged December 9th—Write T. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL HELP (lady); plain cooking; £18-20—Write T. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## Waitresses.

WAITRESS; disengaged; age 25; £16-18; good references—Write T. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITRESS (hotel); age 25; £18-20; good references—Write T. 609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

COOK (experienced); age 35; good references; £30; hotel—Write T. 615, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); age 40; £35-£40; hotel or boarding-house—Write T. 620, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK, hotel or club; age 28; £35; good reference—Write T. 619, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK, hotel, club, or private; age 40; 10s-15s. weekly—Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (hotel experienced); £1 weekly; age 39; good references—Write T. 617, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 25; £30-£35—Write T. 616, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER, good references, disengaged now—Write T. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER, good references; age 21—Write T. 603, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER; age 28; good references; 12s-15s. weekly—Write T. 605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

### Menservants.

BUTLER, thoroughly experienced; age 46; £50-55—Write T. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HEAD or Hall Porter; age 31; disengaged; good reference—Write T. 613, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Chefs.

CHEF; age 40; £2 weekly; good reference—Write T. 612, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHEF (experienced); age 34; excellent references; 50s. weekly; disengaged—Write T. 602, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Cooks.

COOK (experienced); age 48; £26-£30; short reference—Write T. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK; first-class; disengaged now—Write T. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); now disengaged; 10 years' references—Write T. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good) seeks situation; age 30; £46-50; £18-£20—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (plain); age 30; £24-£26; good references; business house—Write T. 616, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); desires temporary place; 12s-15s. weekly; highly recommended—Write T. 63, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK-GENERAL (good); wait table evenings; well recommended—Upper part, 33, Colville-garden, W. 3377

COOK (good, plain); disengaged now—Write T. 62, 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK—HOUSEKEEPER; disengaged; 1 year's reference; age 36—Write T. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PROFESSOR COOK, for dinners, ball suppers; excellent references—Write T. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; age 24; £20-£22; good references—Write T. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER, useful companion; gentlewoman seeks re-engagement; experienced; capable needlework, nurse; management household if required; personal references—M. 19, Chester-road, Kidderminster. 3393

HOUSEKEEPER or maid; excellent references; disengaged—C. 8, Graham-road, Wimbledon. 3294

HOUSEKEEPER (working); disengaged; age 39; £18-£20—Write T. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY Housekeeper or nurse; disengaged; £30; Mills, 116, Hailsham-avenue, Streatham-hill. 3421

WIDOW, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

### Companions.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, desires situation; £24; plain cooking—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION-HELP—Gentlewoman (26) seeks engagement; servant kept; cooking, housekeeping, needlework, domesticated—Y. Hume Lodge, Brimrose-road, Huddersfield. 3414

LADY Companion or Housekeeper; good references—C. 206, Stroud-road, East Ham. 3390

### Parlourmaids.

DAILY Work as Parlour or Housemaid; must sleep out—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, age 22; £20; disengaged December 21—Write T. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Lady's Maids.

LADY'S MAID, age 28; £20-£25; good references—Write T. 58, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY'S MAID; good packer and needlewoman; £20—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

### Governesses.

GOVERNNESS; daily; thoroughly experienced; £12 weekly—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNNESS, French (experienced); good T. references—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.



## ENGLAND'S SHAME.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am sorry to see that you have been soiling your pages by some sensation-mongering from Mr. Robert H. Sherard. Personally, I frankly refuse to believe many of the dreadful statements made by this gentleman.

It is true that I am not well acquainted with the East End of London, but the story of the disgusting emanations from children's heads is merely annoying, but does not convince me.

For twenty years I have travelled from Sutton to London, doing my business in town, and coming into contact with all sorts and conditions of people, but never in my life have I heard such a piece of unpleasant fiction soberly asserted as gospel truth.

Take another of Mr. Sherard's amazing assertions. He talks of children working thirty hours a week at 1d. per hour. Where does he get this wild statement from? And even if it were true, is it so very terrible that a boy should work four hours a day blacking boots and cleaning knives at half-a-crown a week?

I admit it is not an adequate wage, but is there anything in it to warrant the piercing shrieks with which Mr. Sherard has half-filled one of your pages?

MERCHANT.

Sutton, Surrey.

## THREE'S COMPANY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Your article "Three's Company" has deeply interested me. I am a timid girl; I admit the opprobrious epithet. I am also an only child, therefore I have no sister to take me out, I may take refuge at parties. But I have a father and mother, and an aunt about twenty years older than myself.

You may from that statement deduce an expected announcement—namely, that, with a father, a mother, and an aunt, I lack nothing that shall make my chaperonage perfect. Such, however, is far from being the case.

My father, my mother, and my aunt are such gay and sociable individuals that they have no time and less inclination for

acting as my chaperon. Hence I stay at home while they dance the fleeting hours away, play bridge, or otherwise amuse themselves.

What I ask myself mournfully is this: Supposing chaperons become fashionable again, whence are they to come? The genus seem to be dead, or, at any rate, so thinks Kensington. SOPHY HARWOOD.

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

True religion does not consist in creeds, dogmas, forms, ceremonies, or religious exercises, which are merely its accessories over which men cavil, but in a faith that unites the soul to a living Creator, Redeemer, and Friend. Such religion is "a help to our progress through the world."

The highest morality is embodied in the Divine Law of love to God and our neighbour, and it is from the Bible we learn to consider the poor, the needy, the suffering, the maimed, the helpless, the aged, the little bird, the lily, and last, but not least, "little children," who are especially committed to our care to be brought up in the nurture and admonitions of the Lord. E. H. C.

Cornwall.

## QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND FANNY BURNEY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The writer of the article "Women who Write for Amusement, and not for a Living" was incorrect in stating that "Queen Charlotte was shocked and even saddened when she discovered that her faithful and devoted attendant Fanny Burney wrote a letter."

When Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arbly) first met George the Third and Queen Charlotte at Mrs. Delany's cottage at Windsor, it was well known to them that she was the authoress of "Evelina" (which had made a considerable literary sensation) and "Cecilia," and Queen Charlotte (*vide* Fanny Burney's "Diary") had previously had the latter novel read to her.

In this first interview, which occurred in December, 1785, and in subsequent interviews, the Queen showed marked interest in

the literary attainments of Miss Burney, who did not enter her personal service as "Second Dresser" until July, 1786.

Miss Burney, by the way, can hardly be classed among women who have written for "amusement" only. J. H. C.

## IS SUICIDE JUSTIFIABLE?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I agree with "R. S. T." that there may be extenuating circumstances when some great good may be aimed at in self-destruction, and under these circumstances I would not call suicide a crime, or when those who through some overwhelming calamity have been brought to the very verge of despair, and who do not believe in any future beyond this life, who fancy they will find what we never can find here—complete rest, or oblivion, and cessation from all trouble and effort in that mysterious unknown "Beyond."

For these unhappy beings I have the deepest sympathy, and I can quite realise how it must appear to them that suicide is justifiable.

But to those who are strong in the faith that a better and nobler life lies beyond this vale of tears, and that the happiness of this future existence depends on the way we shape our lives here; if these go under in the struggle, and take the life they feel convinced they are accountable for, to my mind it is a crime, more especially if it is to escape some personal difficulty or disgrace, leaving behind some breaking heart to bear the double disgrace of their selfish action.

If the watchword of many a weary traveller through life were "Courage and hope" we should hear less of suicide, for these—courage and hope and life—must go hand in hand if we would reach the fuller life we all instinctively long for. HOPEFUL.

## SERVANTS FROM KENT.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I note an "English Housewife's" letter, and suggest that she tries two "Kentish girls"—a cook-generals, wages £18 to £20, and a house-parlourmaid, £15 to £17—if possible, a mother and daughter, two sisters or friends.

The cook-general would do her own kitchens, etc., washing up, and dining-room (no upstairs work), and would undertake plain soups, fish, plain pastry, puddings, willing and anxious to improve and follow recipes. Of course, in joints, vegetables, etc., the cook-general would be proficient.

## THE SECRETARY.

The General Employment Agency, Sun House, Best-lane, Canterbury. Established 15 years.

## WHY ARE PATENT MEDICINES POPULAR?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I suppose everyone from Belgravia to White-chapel has at one time or another partaken of some much-advertised patent medicine.

Dr. Robert Hutchison, in this week's "Lancet," mentions that as much as £300,000 a year is spent by the public on patent medicines (not a few of which are dumped here by a go-ahead republic).

Does not the value of patent medicines lie in the public knowing that the article they buy is always the same, exactly measured, well mixed, the drug fairly good of its kind, and its price fixed; which is not always the case in buying simple remedies from the chemist?

During the last few weeks I have purchased such a simple remedy as zinc ointment, which I fairly believe greatly varied at different shops—at any rate, I am certain it did in price.

I paid 4d. for two ounces in Tottenham-court-road, 5d. at the Stores, 6d. in Regent-street, and one shilling in Wigmore-street for the same quantity. And I have often found the same variation in the making up of prescriptions.

If the public could depend on the best drugs only and a fixed price there would be decidedly less temptation to run to patent medicines. CLIO.

## £500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the Daily Mirror.

We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint one postcard. Those sending letters instead of postcards will be disqualified.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—  
For the Best Suggestion - - - £500.  
For the Second Best - - - £100.  
Eighty other Suggestions - - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the Daily Mirror reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—  
Suggestion Department,  
THE DAILY MIRROR,  
2, Carmelite-street,  
LONDON, E.C.







**DAILY BARGAINS.**

*The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.*

**E**LEGANT Pink Silk Evening Petticoat, point d'esprit flounce, black bebe ribbon; just from Paris; £3 3s.; cost double.—Mowling, 61 Finchley-road, N.W.

**PARIS Evening Gown** of ivory Orient satin; skirt gathered into waist; trimmed French lace insertion; and sleeves and fichu of mousseline de soie; small figure: 55. 5s.—Write 7



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